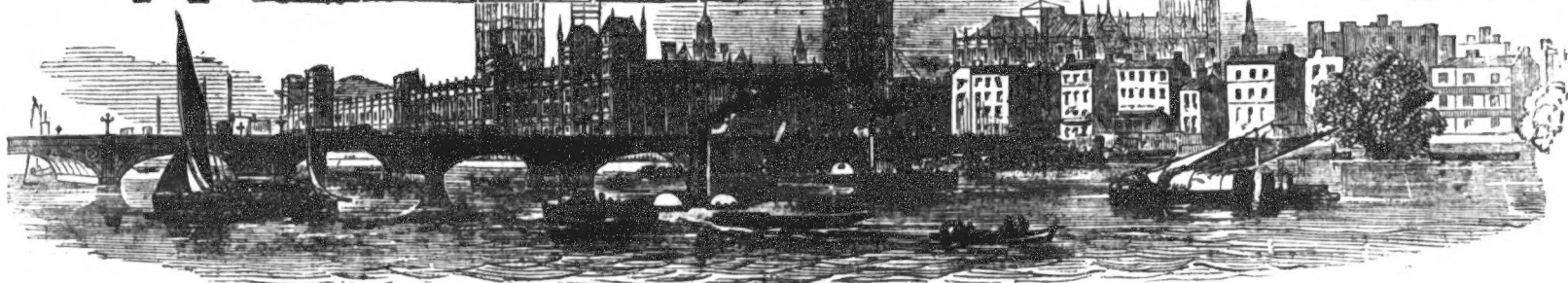


John Dick 3/3 Stand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 82.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865. ONE PENNY.

THE NEW YEAR.

WHILE the bells were ringing out the old year and chiming in the new, the snow was heavily falling, and early morning saw the ground covered with a white mantle. But the celebration of the new year is no longer kept up in England as in the olden times. We no longer send forth our maidens at noon, as was also once done at Eastertide, to dance, and salute the golden-haired sun, or to mock with pretty impudence the snowy peruke of the old year. We are not Roman in our gifts, and refrain from going about and presenting our friends with parcels of lined and unlined gloves. Unfortunately we get no gratuitous offerings of candles from our chandlers, or gratis packs of cards from our grocers, as in the days of Old St. Paul's. We do not wander into barbers' shops putting pence into the thrift-boxes, for the benefit of the poor apprentices, as in the times of Good Queen Bess; nor are we accustomed to commission children upon a Samaritan journey in the streets with alms for all grey-headed beggars. The ancient custom of Hagman High, whereof no mortal man ever comprehended the meaning, but wherein the Pinfold-keeper—whosoever he may have been—went round "for his right and his ray," has fallen into desuetude. We rather suspect, if antiquarianism were allowable upon such a morning as this, that he was the original nui-

sance who invented that black mail which is called a Christmas-box; for he, in addition to his other mysterious duties, was the local woodcutler when wood was the common fuel, as at venerable Easby, where the monks were wont to chop billets on New Year's Day, and then go about soliciting charity. In fact, we are making of this a very social, although by no means a common-place day, first as it ranks in the English and Roman calendars—

"When some in golden letters write their love,
Some speak affection by a ring or glove."

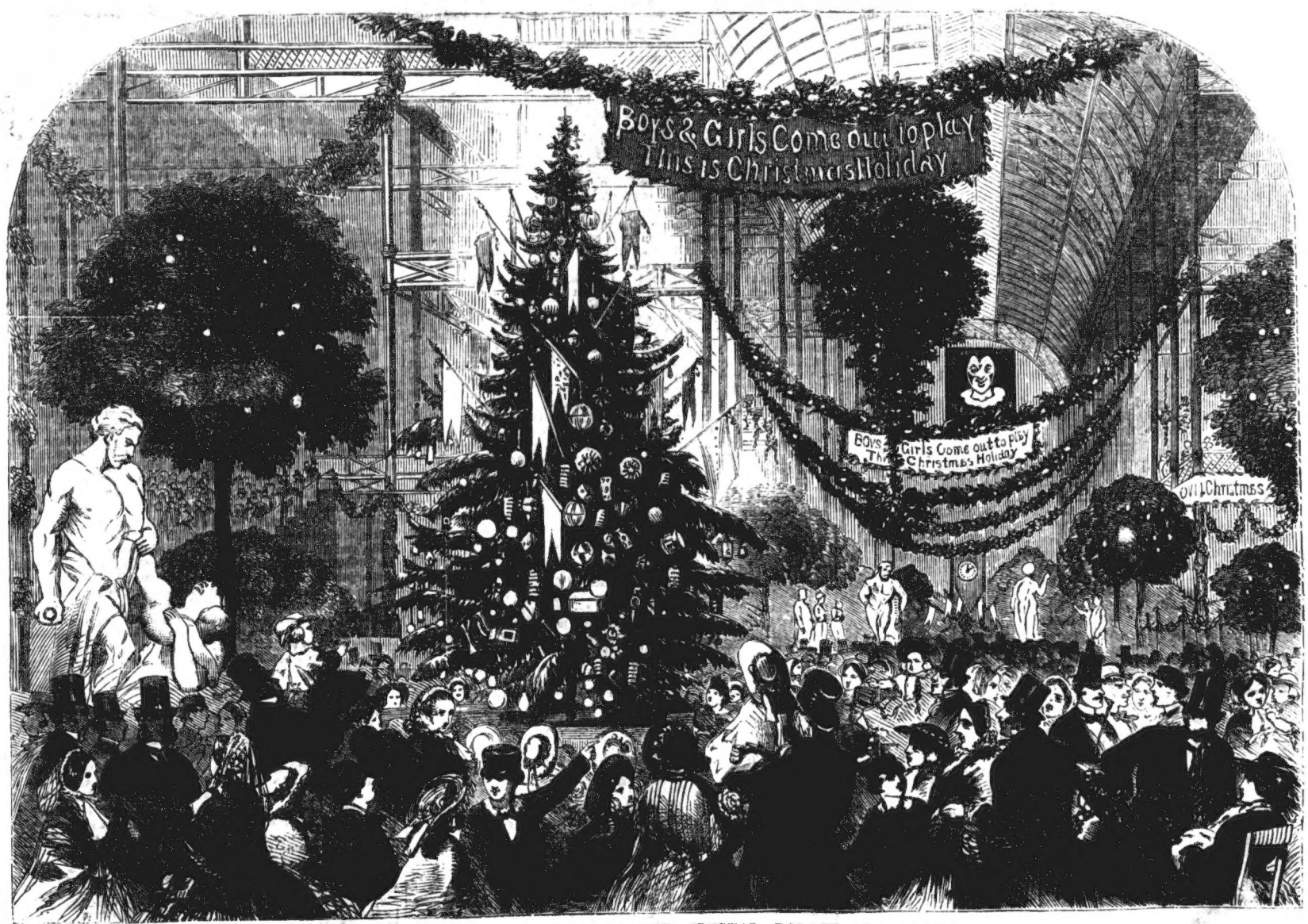
No one of the least thoughtful habit ever regarded January the 1st with indifference. We see through its light or shadow, sun or mist, the skirts of the departing year. It is the real time of our nativity. The very young treat it as an anniversary to be gladly welcomed, and among the very old there are some who hail its advent as a promise of rest and peace, and a passage into that world where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest. No man, it has been affirmed, until thirty feels that he is mortal. Afterwards who does not? Ring out the old—ring in the new, is a chime which then sounds as no carol to him; for he feels himself approaching the Rubicon of life, and the days that pass and distance him from the days of his boyhood, are marked in very clear characters by that one day which is called New Year's Day.

On page 476 we give an illustration to a certain extent bearing on

the above remarks. Fortunately, at home we are blessed with peace; but, alas! in America, the fratricidal war is still carried on in all its horrors. We have only to look forward with Hope, who is pointing upwards, that the subject of the next compartment of our illustration may be fully realised long before the expiration of the present year.

POISON IN THE BALL-ROOM.—At a ball at Königsberg, in Prussia, a few evenings since, a young lady suddenly fainted, and it was afterwards proved by the doctor who was called upon to render aid that her indisposition arose from the presence of arsenic in some green ornaments in her hair, and in the trimmings of her dress, which were of the same colour.

THE FRENCH BARRISTER AND HIS SMALL MOUSTACHE.—At the Imperial Court, as a young advocate was opening his case, the president stopped him, and observed that it was contrary to usage for advocates to appear at the bar with moustaches. The learned gentleman replied that he considered his to be so short as scarcely to be perceptible. The president then remarked that it was not a question of quantity, but of principle. The advocate in consequence asked permission to postpone the further hearing of the case, but the president replied that his observation was only intended as a warning for the future, and permitted him to proceed with his pleading.



NEW YEAR'S REVELS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE. (See page 470.)

Notes of the Week.

On Sunday evening, for the first time in the present winter, the Special Services were resumed in the dome area of the metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul's, and there was as large a congregation as on any previous occasion. Nearly 3,000 people, it is said, can be seated below the dome and be brought within the compass of a preacher's voice. The great body of the congregation, as on previous occasions, entered by the great western door, for which no tickets nor any pass of any kind are ever required, and probably about a tenth of the whole number were admitted by tickets by the south entrance to the reserved seats and the choir. The grand organ, played, as usual, by Mr. Goss, the organist of the cathedral, was again brought into requisition, accompanied by a choir of 400 voices, led by Mr. Bockland.

An assault of a most violent character was perpetrated on Saturday in a third-class carriage on the Cleveland and North Yorkshire line of railway, about midway between the Stokesley and Castleton Stations. It would appear that the parties are neighbours, respectably connected, and residing in Westerdale. It appears from the statements of the other passengers that the assailant's conduct was most outrageous, suddenly striking his neighbour by the whiskers, and at the same time dashing his head against the side of the carriage. The only reason assigned for so much violent treatment was that the parties had differed in their opinions regarding the respective merits of some prize balls exhibited at the local shows during the last season. It is expected that proceedings will be instituted which will give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe.—*Yorkshire Gazette*

On Monday morning, Mr. Payne, coroner for the City and South-west, resumed, in the board-room of St. George's Workhouse, Borough, an inquiry respecting the death of Thomas Jones, aged forty-four years, who was found lying dead in his room with his throat cut. It appeared that the deceased had been twenty-three years in the employ of a cricket-bat maker. He was much addicted to drink, and was excited from liquor the evening before the discovery of his death was made. According to the medical evidence the wounds could have been self-inflicted, and death must have been instantaneous. It was stated by one witness that the deceased had just lost five shillings, and that the idea of having no money to "spend Christmas" with led him to commit suicide. The jury were unanimous in opinion that the deceased had committed the crime of suicide. The coroner then directed a verdict of "Felo de se" to be recorded. The warrant for the burial of the body of the deceased by torchlight at twelve o'clock at night, in Working Cemetery, was then issued by the coroner.

On Monday, Mrs. Moss, wife of Mr. Moss, coach painter, Vauxhall-bridge-road, had a violent quarrel with her husband on account of jealousy. She left the house in a state of excitement, and proceeded at once to Thames Bank, and precipitated herself into the river. Before assistance could reach her she sunk, and was drowned.

On Monday a lamentable occurrence took place during the morning performance of the pantomime of "Cinderella" at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. During the gorgeous transformation scene one of the men named Chasmon, while engaged in his duties on the stage, unfortunately missed his footing, and pitched headlong, a depth of twenty feet, on to the mazarine floor beneath. The unfortunate man was picked up senseless, and on surgical assistance arriving he was found to be dead, his neck having been broken by the fall.

General News.

A few evenings since Lord Sondes entertained a number of the principal residents of Norfolk at Elmhurst Hall, and arrangements had been made for a box of plate of the value of from £150 to £200 to be sent from London to Elmhurst. The box duly arrived, but on being opened it was discovered that all the plate had been abstracted therefrom.

A short time ago two brothers were dismissed the Prussian army, in which they were officers, for refusing, on account of their scruples as Roman Catholics, to fight in a duel. All the Prussian bishops have just addressed a petition to the King on the matter. They ask if this is really the reason of dismissal, for they cannot believe that such a conflict exists between the undoubted law of the Church and the obligations of military service.

The Hon. P. Campbell Scarlett, the newly-appointed envoy and minister plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Mexico, left London on Monday to enter on his newly-appointed duties. Mr. Middleton goes out as first secretary, and Mr. H. Le Strange as second secretary.

The Rev. Dr. Hills, Bishop of British Columbia, is to be married this month to Miss King, of Madingley, near Cambridge. The right rev. prelate will leave England shortly afterwards for British Columbia, which he quitted in June, 1863. During his stay in England Dr. Hill has been collecting funds with which to carry on his diocesan operations with increased vigour.

The demand for Lord Derby's translation of "Homer" is so great (says the *Press*) that very few of the booksellers can get supplied.

The colonelcy of the 7th Hussars, vacant by the death of Sir William Tait, will, in all probability, be conferred on Lieutenant-General the Earl of Roslyn.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Protect hardy annuals and other plants from frosts and winds. Branches of evergreens stuck in round them will be found an excellent protection through the present severe weather. Take up and relay box edging, if patchy, when the weather will permit. Get in bulbs, such as anemones, tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, &c., without delay. Continue to pay attention to pits and frames, giving all the air possible in mild weather, but well protected should severe weather set in.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow a small patch of two-bladed onions on a warm border, somewhat thick, and protect with mats or litter in severe weather. Dig up and replant Jerusalem artichokes in well-manured and deeply dug ground. Transplant and replant horseradish. Give outdoor mushroom beds extra layers of dry straw or hay, and collect fresh droppings for early beds. If the seed-beds for cucumbers have been prepared, get in the seed at once in shallow pans or pots half-filled with leaf mould, and, after sowing, lay a piece of glass over the top of the pots to protect them from the sun. Give cauliflowers in frames or under handlights plenty of air, and remove all dead leaves.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue tree-planting in favourable weather. Prune and stake raspberries, also manure and dig between rows. Remove old trees, or such as interfere with those of younger growth.

Small Notice.—The following, *Fasciola, Scutiger, and all nervous affections*, use Dr. Johnson's Tonic and the Pills. They allay pain and cure, over the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, 14 stamps. Retail, 6d. each. Clarendon-road, London.—*Advt.*
EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION. *FAIRY SCALES AND ENCHANTMENT MOUNTAINS.* For every house, the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of conjuring and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whitch and Wagon, 142, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacturers, Ipswich.—*[Advertisement.]*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

"The Prince Imperial," says the *Sport*, "has his guests at the Tuilleries as he had at Compiègne. Every Sunday and Thursday he receives in his apartment his young friends, the sons of Dr. Conneau, Generals Fleury and Burgoyne, and the son of the late General Espinasse. The afternoon is passed in play, or in a drive; at six dinner takes place; and at eight or half-past eight the young guests take leave of their host. On the occasion of Christmas his Imperial highness invited his friends, and, after having made them gather from a tree charged with presents various objects, kept them to dinner."

According to the official account of the reception of the diplomatic body by the Emperor on New Year's Day, his Majesty replied as follows to the papal nuncio:—

"The congratulations of the diplomatic body, of which you are good enough to be the mouthpiece, touch me sensibly. I trust that concord may continue to reign among us, of which your presence around me is a sure guarantee. Be convinced that I will make every effort that my relations with foreign Powers may be ever animated by respect for right and love of peace and justice."

The Emperor, in reply to the Archbishop of Paris, said:—

"I thank you for the sentiments which you express in the name of the clergy of Paris, and for the prayers which you address to Heaven for me. I am very glad to see my efforts to maintain religious interests appreciated by the prelate who governs the diocese of Paris, and I request your prayers for me, for the Empress, and for the Imperial prince."

A Paris letter has the following:—"English habits and customs are daily becoming more the fashion over here, more especially among the upper classes, and perhaps a proof of which is the fact that the four little children of the Duke and Duchess de Moray are not only surrounded by English governesses and servants, but understand no language except English; and, again, that the Duke and Duchess de Persigny, who are at Champs-Élysées, kept Christmas in old English style, giving a large entertainment to their neighbours, as well as a substantial dinner to all their tenants, at which roast beef, plum-pudding, and Christmas trees were the prominent features. But the national day of festivity is the *Jour de l'An* (New Year's Day), and looked forward to with as much anxiety by the children of every home in France as by their older relations. It is a custom which falls pretty heavily on the purses of young men in Paris, whose bounden duty it is, on this day, to present the lady of every house where they have been received during the season with a gift of some kind, be it in the form of jewellery, books, bouquets, or flowers. The relatives of children usually ascertain beforehand what the object of their ambition may be—a practice which seems to extend to the imperial family, as a member of the household told me that Princess Mathilde sent for the Prince Imperial and said to him, 'Mon petit diable, what shall I give you for your étrennes?'—'I don't know, Mathilde; but my squirrel's cage is all broken, and I should much like a new one.' It is to be hoped that his Imperial highness's ambition will in future life, be as easily satisfied."

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

The anti-transportation movement is being energetically prosecuted in Melbourne.

The latest advices from New Zealand mention no event of importance. The natives, who were still in rebellion, were making preparations for a renewal of the struggle.

ROME.

The other day the Pope received the members of the Sacred College and addressed to them an allocution, in which he said that in the present day robbery was committed under the pretext of nationality. The triumph of the Church was certain, the day only of that triumph being uncertain. His holiness added that after witnessing the destruction of the enemies of the Holy See, and the triumph of truth and virtue, he would exclaim with Simon, "Lord now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

All the foreign ambassadors, including Baron von Meyendorff, have each had a separate audience of the Pope. The Pope, in receiving the homage, the congratulations, and sentiments of devotion presented by General de Montebello in the name of the French army of occupation, said:—

"Similar sentiments of the French army were manifested to me at Gsta by a general who is now a marshal, and subsequently by all the other generals who have commanded the French army, and who generously hastened to defend the Eternal City. I have always prayed for this army, for him who directs the destinies of France, for his good clergy, and for all French Catholics. At the present time I shall not cease to pray for and bless the Catholic nation, the Emperor, the Empress, and the imperial family, that God may accord them all necessary enlightenment."

AMERICA.

A New York letter, of Dec. 1st, says:—"On Thursday night, after the first day's battle had been concluded, Hood withdrew his extreme right wing—the only position of his line which had not been pushed back—and concentrated his forces on three roads running southward. Early on Friday General Thomas renewed the assault, and the rebels were driven back after severe fighting along their whole line, being on the evening of that day about eight miles south of the position they occupied on Thursday morning. Prisoners and cannon were continually taken by the Union soldiers on every part of the field as the enemy was forced back, all the rebel troops and all their artillery at some points falling into the hands of our steadily advancing ranks. The woods, fields, and entrenchments, General Thomas says, were strewn with small arms, abandoned by Hood's men in the retreat. We have yet no accurate statement of Hood's losses in killed and wounded in these two days of fighting. From the commencement of the present campaign, however, up to Friday evening, about fifty pieces of artillery and 10,000 prisoners had been captured from him. General Thomas's loss did not exceed in killed and wounded 3,000, comparatively few of the number being killed. Writing at six o'clock on Friday evening General Thomas said, 'I have ordered the pursuit to be continued in the morning at daylight, although the troops are very much fatigued. The utmost enthusiasm prevails.' And he was true to his word, for the attack on the rebels was yesterday renewed with great vigour. Our accounts are down to the middle of yesterday afternoon, when General Thomas's plans were succeeding admirably, and it was generally believed that fully one-third of Hood's army would be captured, and hopes were indulged in of its utter destruction before it was able to reach the Tennessee River at Florence, Alabama, towards which point, it is supposed, it is now being moved. It is already immensely demoralised, what there is left of it. There was great rejoicing throughout the country yesterday over the splendid achievements of General Thomas, and particularly in Washington and Cincinnati, where salutes were fired. President Lincoln will on Monday send into the Senate for confirmation the promotion of General Thomas to a major-generalship in the regular army."

Despatches were received at the War Department in Washington from General Foster, who states that he had a personal interview on Wednesday morning, the 14th inst., with General Sherman, at Fort M'Allister, which was taken on the preceding day. Savannah was then closely besieged, and its capture, with the rebel troops, was confidently expected. In two days a demand for its surrender was to be made, and if this was not complied with, the national batteries were then to be opened upon it.

A draft has been made by the President for 300,000 men.

The Richmond papers admit that Savannah must fall.

The *New York Herald's* correspondent at Fort M'Allister says that Slocum's corps holds all the railroads leading out of the town. Howard's corps is connected with his right, and swings round to the Ogeechee river at Fort M'Allister. When Sherman arrived in front of Savannah he had driven 1,200 head of cattle through, though he started with only 200, and had fed his army on full rations during a march of 300 miles. He also gathered on his way over 700 able-bodied negroes, and so many horses, mules, and waggoners as to embarrass him. His army, during a considerable portion of their march, extended over a breadth of country sixty miles wide, forty miles at times intervening between his right and left wings. His whole loss from wounds, sickness, the capture of stragglers, and all other causes, up to the time of arriving in front of Savannah, was about one thousand. The average daily march was twelve miles.

THE CONFEDERATE DEFEAT BEFORE NASHVILLE.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* publishes the following description of the defeat of General Hood by General Thomas, on the 16th:—

"The day opened cloudy, with indications of rain. There was a dense fog at an early hour, but this soon cleared away, and at eight o'clock we were able to determine the enemy's position. During the night of the 15th Hood withdrew both his wings from the river, contracting his lines everywhere, and was holding a strong position along Granny White Hills, with his centre protected by two lines of entrenchments. Our own troops were disposed in the following order:—Wilson's cavalry was at first held in reserve, but before the main battle opened it took a position on the left of the cavalry, thus forming our right of the infantry line; A. J. Smith's 16th Corps came next on the left of Schofield; on the left of Smith the 20th Corps, G. I. J. Woods commanding, and was formed in close order of battle; Steadman's division was partially massed with Craft's, and two brigades of coloured troops held the extreme left. Our plan of battle was the continuance of the 16th in pressing the advantage gained on the enemy's left. At half-past eight o'clock our batteries opened from one hundred pieces of artillery simultaneously along the line. The rebel artillery replied feebly. General Schofield, marching down the Grand White Pike, carefully concealing his strength, placed his corps directly upon the enemy's left flank. General Steadman at the same time worked his force forward, the enemy in the meantime strengthening his advance line. It was determined to carry this line without delay. General Kimball's first division moved forward to charge, firing volley after volley, but steadily pressed forward until within half pistol-shot of the line, when the enemy's fire became so deadly that our men, in order to return it more effectually, came to a halt. They remained here, perhaps, longer than any troops ever remained in such a position. They stood and fired fast and furious at the enemy, but they could not remain and live. A few gay way and fled in disorder, and the whole line staggered, and had the rebels done nothing more than kept up their deadly fire, we should have been driven back; but they made a movement to shift their artillery, which our men received as indications that they were about to abandon their lines and retire. Raising a loud shout, the division, with fixed bayonets, rushed impetuously forward, and, awaking over the works, they captured such rebels as had not fled. They had time to get two guns away, but the rest fell into our hands. As soon as this preliminary success was achieved General Thomas, who was seen during the day in the very front of the line of battle, ordered a charge along the entire line. General Schofield moved upon the left flank of the enemy, and before his veterans the rebels gave way like frost-work. The assailed flank crumbled to pieces as General Schofield advanced, and rolled back upon that portion of the line which was just being attacked by J. Smith's troops, with the might and energy that nothing could withstand. General M'Callan's brigade was foremost in the battle, as on the previous day, and rushed up to the teeth of three powerful rebel batteries, and carried them at the point of the bayonet—the salient point of the enemy's works. In a few moments their works were everywhere overwhelmed, their forces utterly routed, their soldiers captured by thousands, and every piece of artillery was in our hands. Such as escaped death or capture fled towards the Franklin Pike to take refuge behind A. D. Lee's corps, which held the Gap in the hills. Generals Wood and Steadman had now united on the left, and had to assault the rebel right, which was still unbroken. Under cover of a tremendous fire from our guns, Colonel Post's brigade moved forward, and General Straight's brigade of Renthly's division formed on his right in support, immediately on Post's left. Thomas's coloured brigades drew up, and Morgan's coloured brigade next on the left. The enemy reserved his fire until Post's brigade commenced climbing the hill, when a perfect hurricane of shot, shells, and canister tore through his ranks. On the fall of this fire our men steadily advanced, the coloured troops vied with the white in the persistency with which they forced their way up the hill. Thousands of the men—in endeavouring to pass round to the left—met a terrible flank fire, which confused their ranks. The troops on the right, who were torn in pieces by the fire, paused an instant, and at this juncture the brave Colonel Post was mortally wounded. In a moment all order was lost, and our men rushed back, confused and bleeding, to the line from which they started. General Wood soon reformed his broken battalions, and issued orders for the renewal of the assault. Post's veterans again assaulted the hill directly, and Thomas's Africans again assaulted the rebel right. Elliott's and Kimball's divisions were hurled like a thunderbolt against the rebel left, and General Wood himself, accompanied by all his staff, followed and directed the charge. The rebels blazed forth anew, and our soldiers without hesitation or panic carried the entire works with all the guns, and drove the rebels in dismay from the hill. This was the last stand the rebels made, and their whole army was now fleeing in rout and panic. Had not night intervened the enemy would have been destroyed. The appearance of the battle-field was horrible in the extreme. A correspondent says, 'I pushed forward to the southwest slope of the hill. It was about dark, the rain was pouring steadily down, and, standing there amid the dead and dying, I caught the last glimpses of our lines of battle, and heard the last triumphant shout of our men as, even through the darkness, they pushed on after the flying foe. The result of the battle was 5,000 prisoners, thirty guns, and 7,000 small arms.'

BURNING OF THE SPANISH ADMIRAL'S SHIP AT THE OBISCHAS.

—The following is an extract from a letter from a shipmaster, dated Callao, November 23, 1864:—"On the 24th instant, at 6 p.m., one of the Spanish frigates took fire (accidentally starting torpedoes); the main magazine blew up at 3 a.m. As we were starting, I called to see the wreck. She foundered in fifty fathoms, about half a mile distant from us. The officers and crews of the fleet behaved with great pluck. Not a single accident. They saved her treasure, small arms, a quantity of shot and shell, drew the charges of the shotted guns, floated the magazines, and towed her an equal distance from each ship of the fleet. This is great news for the Peruvians; they have got all their fighting tackle on board just now."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Dr. O. Phelps Brown has lately published a treatise on Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and General Debility, of 48 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated with coloured plates containing a prescription for the positive and speedy cure of *Phthisis* and *Dyspnoea*. This work will be sent free to all on receipt of fourpence, to prepay postage, &c. Address, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—*[Advertisement.]*

ALLEGED MURDER.

MR. RICHARD SMITH, a retired surgeon, living at the quiet little town of Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, was committed to the Gloucester county gaol, on the coroner's warrant, charged with the murder of his wife by shooting her through the head with a gun. Mr. Smith was formerly in practice as a surgeon, but had retired for some years, and lived with his wife alone, without a regular servant, in North-street, Winchcomb. He was very eccentric in his manner, but his eccentricities were not considered by his friends great enough to warrant them in placing him under restraint. On Tuesday night week a shot was heard in his house, and a neighbour who heard it listened at the window, and hearing Mr. Smith moving about the room and talking she thought no more of it. Next morning the prisoner went to his brother, who lives in the same neighbourhood (the prisoner's son living with him), and told his sons that their mother was dead; that she had been shot. When asked whether the shooting was accidental, he said the "gun was pointed at her and went off," but he would not say whether it was accidental or not. The sons ran to their father's house, and there they found their mother lying in her blood, cold and stiff, in the sitting-room. In a room adjoining was found a double-barrelled gun, one barrel of which was loaded, and this, there could be no doubt, was the weapon with which the deceased woman was shot. After telling his sons of their mother's death the father was proceeding to Gloucester, when he was overtaken by the police and apprehended. The inquest was held at Winchcomb, before Mr. Lovegrove, coroner for Gloucestershire, when Mr. James Adolphus Smith, son of the deceased, deposed that his mother was fifty-two years of age, and that she and his father lived comfortably together. The gun belonged to witness, and had been left by him at his father's on the previous Saturday. Witness slept at his uncle's on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday morning his father came there and said his mother was dead, and also said something about a gun, but witness was too agitated to understand him. He fetched his brother William, who was in the same house, and then asked his father, "Did you shoot her?" He replied, "The gun went off." The witness added that his father had been labouring under delusions. He was under the impression that his sons would be kidnapped and sent to America. William Alexander Smith corroborated his brother's testimony. He last saw his mother alive about three hours before the gunshot was heard. His father was at home, and they appeared to be on good terms with each other. Next morning on hearing from his father that his mother was dead he ran to the house, and accompanied by a man named Payne went into the parlour, where they found the deceased lying on the floor on her side. She was dressed as he had seen her on the previous evening. Corroborative evidence was given in support of the above by Joseph Payne and another of the deceased's sons. Mrs. Greenhalgh, who lived next door to the deceased's sons. Mrs. Greenhalgh, who lived next door to the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, deposed that about nine o'clock on the Tuesday evening, hearing the report of a gun in Mr. Smith's parlour, she went to the parlour shutters and listened. She heard some one move the chairs about, and Mr. Smith spoke, but no one answered. Hearing Mr. Smith afterwards go into the hall witness went away. Mr. Newman, surgeon, Winchcomb, was called in to see the deceased on the Wednesday. She had fallen close to a chair, on which her right hand and arm rested. There was blood on the floor, and she was dead, cold, and stiff. There was a gunshot wound in the upper and back part of the neck. The spine was fractured and death must have been instantaneous. He found sixteen shots in the wound, and these on being compared with the shot found in the double-barrelled gun, proved to be of the same size. There could, of course, be no doubt as to the cause of death. Most of the witnesses bore testimony to the fact that the prisoner was of unsound mind. The policeman who apprehended him said he considered he had been in an unsound state of mind for the last five years. At times he had been in such an excited state as to call for his interference. A juryman stated that he had seen him with a fishing-rod fishing in the turnpike road. Mr. Newman (the surgeon) said that ever since he had known the prisoner (twenty years) he had considered him in an unsound state of mind. The jury found a verdict of "Willful murder" against Richard Smith, and wished to append to their verdict an opinion of his insanity.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—From an official report in the Victoria (V. I.) Chronicle, we learn that in this expedition against the hostile Indians at Clayoquot Sound, Admiral Denman, of her Majesty's ship Bulwark, had a narrow escape with his life. He was fired at point blank by a native, but the ball providentially missed him. The expedition was undertaken to obtain satisfaction for the loss of the Klugfisher, which had been burnt by Indians, who also murdered the crew in the Clayoquot Sound. The ships composing the expedition destroyed several villages and some seventy canoes, and about fifteen Indians were killed, without injury to the attacking party. The whole Abnott tribe seems to have been implicated in the piracy. Admiral Denman demanded that Cap-chah, the chief of the tribe, and six murderers should be given up. If this was done within one month from the date of writing (October 11) he would proceed no further in the matter; otherwise, forcible measures would be resumed.

CLEVER SWINDLER AT SHREWSBURY.—Shrewsbury has been the scene of a swindle so original in conception, and so bold in the carrying out, as to claim a special page in the annals of crime. On Tuesday night, a quiet-looking Welshman called in at the police-office, and asked for the assistance of one of the men, in order to effect the capture of a thief whom he was in search of, and who had just taken up his quarters in the town. The applicant introduced himself as "John Morgan, of Carmarthen borough police force," and produced a warrant, duly signed, for the apprehension of a man charged with stealing a gold watch, ring, chain, and other articles, from an hotel in Carmarthen. An officer was accordingly placed at his command, and the two men went to the Raven Hotel, and took into custody a gentleman who was staying there, and whom Morgan pointed out as the party "wanted." The prisoner was searched, and a gold watch, chain, and ring, which he wore, were at once recognised by the Carmarthen policeman as the stolen property, and, as such, he took charge of them, in addition to about £9 in gold, which was found in the prisoner's purse. On the following morning Morgan and his charge appeared in the local police-court, and on his agent producing the warrant, and swearing that the property found in the possession of the prisoner was that which had been stolen, the magistrates granted a remand until the next day. The prisoner gave his name as Charles Ashworth, and protested that he knew nothing about the charge. He requested permission to communicate with his friends, but on receiving from Morgan a hint that there was "another concerned in it," and that a telegram might spoil his chances of effecting a second capture, the magistrates refused the request, and Mr. Ashworth was removed in custody. On "Thursday morning" the prisoner duly appeared in court, but the prosecutor was gone, and so were the watch, chain, ring, and money; and several facts began to transpire which raised grave doubts as to whether they would ever be seen again. A gentleman well known in Shrewsbury came forward and declared that Mr. Ashworth lived at Egerton Hall, near Eddington, and that his father was chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Of course Mr. Ashworth was immediately discharged, with many apologies for the inconvenience he had been put to; and the police authorities wrote to their brethren at Carmarthen, demanding explanation of the extraordinary conduct of their representative. On Saturday morning the explanation came, when it transpired that the Shrewsbury police and bench of magistrates had been tools in the hands of a sharper.

MURDER IN IRELAND.

An inquest has been held on the body of Mr. Thomas Reynolds, of Longwood, county of Meath, who filled the situations of parish clerk, clerk of petty sessions, and master of a free endowed school. He was shot in the head by an assassin, and died of the wounds next morning. It appears that Mr. Reynolds was sitting in the school-room attached to his dwelling, playing backgammon with a young lady. So unconscious was he of danger that the shutters of the window were not closed, and the assassin, resting his gun on the sill, was enabled to take deliberate aim at his victim. The house was situated close to the road opposite the church of Rathore, in the county of Meath. The murderer took the precaution of putting straw on the ground near the window, lest he should be traced by the marks of his boots. The deceased is said to have been held in much esteem by the gentry of the neighbourhood, and he was remarkably quiet and unobtrusive in his manners. The only cause assigned for the outrage is the supposition, said to be quite false, that he had something to do with intended evictions in that neighbourhood. Three farmers, who, it is said, had received notices to quit from a new purchaser of a property in the neighbourhood, have been arrested on suspicion. Their names are John and Thomas Nugent and James Flynn.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT DUNDEE.

A FRIGHTFUL accident is reported from Dundee on Monday night. An exhibition of gymnastic performances was to have taken place in a large hall there under a Dissenting place of worship, to which the entrance is by a descending staircase of thirteen steps. A large crowd had assembled outside to gain admittance, and pressed against the door. One half of it was opened; the other half was forced in by the crowd, and those who stood in front were thrown headlong to the bottom of the stairs, where they fell over each other. Those further back continued to pour in, only to increase the mass of prostrate bodies within the building. Above half an hour elapsed before the space could be cleared, and then ten men and nine women were taken out dead. A great many others were seriously injured.

Another account says:—"At seven o'clock on Monday night a large crowd of men, women, and children had gathered near the entrance to Springthorpe's Musical Entertainment, which is held in Bell-street Hall, under Bell-street Church. There is a flight of steps from the road down to the hall, which is ten or twelve feet below the level of the street. Shortly after the gate was opened, the crowd behind pushed those in front down one over the other, till there was a dense mass of struggling human beings in the agonies of suffocation. Nineteen corpses have been extracted, and were all laid out at once in the hall; seven persons more or less seriously wounded have been taken to the infirmary, and many others are injured. The scene at the identification of the bodies was heartrending. One poor woman has lost her husband and a daughter. The event has caused a great sensation and cast a sad damp over the town."

SHOCKING DEATH BY FIRE.—On Monday an inquest was taken by Dr. Lancaster, at the Marylebone Workhouse, touching the death of Sarah West, aged sixty-two, a widow, who was frightfully burnt under the following shocking circumstances:—The evidence showed that the deceased had been her brother's housekeeper for many years, with whom she lived at 8, Wyndham-street, Regent-square. On Monday, about ten o'clock, an alarm of "Fire" was raised upon flames being seen to issue from the kitchen. Sergeant White, 23 D, was quickly at the spot, by which time a brigade engine and a fire-escape had arrived. By means of the latter a ladder was got out, and by the efforts of the brigade men the deceased, who was in a mass of flame, was removed from the kitchen into the area. On searching to discover the cause of the fire, a gin bottle was discovered by the side of the sofa, where deceased had been lying, and in it was a candle, which, it is supposed, while alight, had been placed there by the deceased. Verdict, "Accidental death."

SUDDEN DEATH BY CHOKING.—On Monday, Dr. Lancaster held an inquest at the Marylebone Workhouse, on view of the body of Eliza Brady, aged sixty-seven, a widow and blind, who obtained a livelihood by playing on the violin in the streets. It appeared that deceased's late husband was a commercial traveller, and that for some years past she lived at 4, Wells-buildings, Crawford-street. On Tuesday evening week, about eight o'clock, she was taking her tea, when she suddenly fell back in her chair, dropping on the table a piece of bread and butter she had in her hand. She was thought to be in a fit, and was attended to by a medical man. She soon died, and on a post-mortem examination being made, it was found that a quantity of chewed bread and butter had stuck in her throat and had caused suffocation. Verdict, "Accidental death."

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—An inquest has just been held on the body of a woman named Sheppard, at Trowbridge, found in the Mill Pond there. Her two daughters said that on the previous day they and their mother and father all went to Frome to spend a holiday with their relatives, that they enjoyed themselves, that the father was unable to return with them, and that they and their mother came back by the last train to Trowbridge, where they arrived at about eight p.m. On getting out of the train they did not see their mother, although she came back in the same compartment with them; and they went on home, thinking their mother would go home also, her direction being opposite to that of the daughters. The old lady seems to have stumbled out of her way entirely, and went down an obscure lane quite in a different direction to that which she ought to have gone, walked into the water, which is about eight feet deep, and was drowned. It is said that she and her husband had a violent quarrel in Frome, and that she expressed her determination to commit suicide; but the most probable thing is that they all were something more than merry, that the daughters blundered on home, having children to take care of, and left the old lady to take care of herself. The husband returned drunk the same morning, his wife's body was being taken to the police-station. She had eleven shillings in her pocket, and a piece of plum-pudding in her basket. Verdict—"Found drowned."

A FATAL OCCURRENCE.—The *Journalist's* *Guardian* of December 8th learns "from a private source" that a lamentable occurrence took place on board her Majesty's ship *Steady*, between Bermuda and Halifax. The surgeon, who was unwell, took a sleeping draught, which, from the disordered action of the heart, or the too large quantity taken, proved fatal; for on a brother officer going to call him the next day the unfortunate man was found dead.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The following is the bill of the Great Eastern Railway, from the 19th to the 25th December, 1864:—Oxen, 2,203; sheep, 7,994; calves, 1,633; pigs, 578; turkeys, 12,117; geese, 16,768; ducks, 922; hares and pheasants, 1,289; fowls, 13,950; deer, 1,000; hogsheads, and barrels of, 9,690; oranges, boxes of, 1,160; dried fruits, boxes of, 5,413; nuts, bags of, 720; oysters, barrels of, 8,011; ditto, in bags, tons, 72; almonds, boxes of, 163; potatoes, sacks of, 10,996; meat, packed in hampers, tons, 418; poultry, tons, 348; fish, tons, 340; milk, quarts, 76,896; butter, and other choicest goods, 1,421.

BOY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR 2s.—A CAPITAL WRITING CASE FOR 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight examples, sized with Writing-paper, Ballpoint, Pencils and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 300,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORTON, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

INDECENT ASSAULT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

At the Blackwood petty sessions (before Joseph Davies, Esq., the Rev. E. Leigh, and H. M. Kennard, Esq.), Alfred Brown, station-master at Hengoed, near Rhymney, was charged by Mary Ann Griffiths with indecently assaulting her on the 4th day of December last. Mary Ann Griffiths deposed: I am an assistant in the shop of a draper at Merthyr, and have been with him now about three years. On Sunday, the 4th instant, I went by train from Merthyr to Blaenafon. At five o'clock the same day I left Blaenafon to come home. At Pontypool we had to exchange carriages. I was at the station with Miss Phillips and Miss Edwards when the train came up. The prisoner, Alfred Brown, who is station-master at Hengoed, was in a first-class carriage. In consequence of what Miss Phillips told me I got into the same. She knew the prisoner, and asked him to care of me as far as he went. He said he would do so with much pleasure. He opened the door for me to get in. I said, "Mine is a second-class ticket." He said, "Get in; I will make it all right. You will be very comfortable." After we left the station I observed there was no light in the carriage. He made no reply. Before we arrived at Crumlin we had some talk about Miss Phillips, whom he had not seen for a long time. After we left Crumlin Station he got his feet entangled in mine. I thought it was an accident, and I sat back on the cushion. He then got up and tried to kiss me. I pushed him off as well as I could, but I was very much frightened. I begged him to keep his seat, as I was very unwell, and had been so all the evening. He asked me if I had any attraction at Pontypool. I told him not exactly in Pontypool. He asked me if I was engaged, and I said I was. He then slipped down from his seat, and fell on his knees before me. He rose up my clothes, and otherwise insulted me. I told him if he continued to insult me I would cry out murder. He then got up and again insulted me, after which I fainted. When I recovered the train was just leaving the Tredegar Junction. He asked me if he should get me some brandy. I made no reply. He asked me a second time, and I then said "No." The train moved on at that time, and he pulled me towards him. I asked him kindly to let me alone, as I felt very ill. I then struggled and got away from him, and sat in my own seat. The next station was Hengoed. When the prisoner got out, he said to me before doing so, "Miss Griffiths, I hope you will pardon me." I gave him no answer, and went on by the train to Merthyr. When I got there I saw one of my fellow assistants, Margaret Phillips, and said, "Oh! Miss Phillips, I have something I must tell you." I then fainted. After I came to myself, I told her that Brown, the station-master at Hengoed, had greatly insulted me, and I told her all about it. She knew Brown very well. On the following day, I told Mr. Parker, by letter, what had happened. I had been visiting the day before at Blaenafon. I had a reply from him, and he wished the full particulars, which I gave him in my second letter. He then came to Merthyr, and accompanied me to Tredegar, to lay an information against the prisoner. In struggling with the prisoner I lost one of my garters, and both my stockings were down. Margaret Phillips said: I am a single woman, and an assistant at a draper's shop at Merthyr; I remember Miss Griffiths coming home on the night of the 4th instant. She came into our joint bedroom. She immediately said, "Oh! Miss Phillips, I have something to tell you. Mr. Brown, that friend of yours, has insulted me most grossly." She could not proceed, but sat down and fainted. I got out of bed to her, and after she had recovered she told me all about it.—Cross-examined: I advised her to consult Mr. Parker. She wrote to Mr. Parker, and fainted whilst she was writing.—By the bench: Miss Griffiths is subject to fainting fits when excited. The prisoner Brown was then committed to take his trial at Usk quarter sessions, but was admitted to bail. Mr. Pies appeared for complainant.—[Merthyr Telegraph.]

SINGULAR DEATH.—An inquiry was held on Monday evening by Mr. Humphreys, coroner, at the Green-gate tavern, City-road, respecting the death of William George Cooper, aged sixty years. The deceased, it appeared, had been a bookseller and stationer in Holborn, and was a very studious man. His eyesight gave way, and he lost his business, and although he had been taught the printing trade by apprenticeship to his father, a master printer in the City, he found that he could not even follow that occupation, and he became a hawker of pens, &c. In consequence of the change in his position he became reserved, and would look himself up in his room for several days together without seeing any one. For the last six years he followed this kind of life at No. 6 Galway-street, St. Luke's. On the 18th of December he was heard by a boy making a noise as if fighting the furniture. Nothing was seen of him until, two days afterwards, the police broke into his room. He was then found lying on the floor, with a strip of iron cut from a tea tray twisted forcibly round his waist. He was dead, and it was supposed that he had committed suicide. He had placed on the floor where he lay strips of red and blue paper and white linen, forming a French tricolour. 25s. and fifty-eight pawns-tickets, principally of books and jewellery, were found in the room. Dr. Mayhew, police surgeon, said that deceased was quite emaciated, but there was no lack of food in the room. Death arose from effusion of serum into the brain, which was softened. The iron twisted round the body had not caused his death. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

SUFFERINGS OF A SHIP'S CREW.—The schooner *Quarrymad*, which arrived at Kingstown on Wednesday evening from Dantzic, with wheat for Dublin, experienced very rough weather on the passage. On the 20th October she encountered a gale, which bore her down on her beam end, filled the cabin with water, and nearly drowned all hands. This gale carried away compasses, skylight, compasses, boats, and all the moveable articles on deck. During its continuance, and when the captain and crew were engaged saving the ship, one of the latter said he would go down into the cabin, which was at that time full of water. His commander objected to his going below, as he had no business there. The man doggedly persisted in his determination, and was drowned. He was a native of Wales. For three days all on board the small craft wore without provisions, all eatables having been deluged with salt water. The gale abating, the ship was got before the wind, and, having no guide to steer by, a calculation was made on the run of the sea to make a Nor-western port, which was successful. Here the whole of the cargo was discharged, and was accordingly disposed of. [Having repaired damages, the dried portion of the cargo was reshipped, and provisions having been taken on board, on the 6th inst. the schooner took her departure. The schooner has been three months on her passage from Dantzic.—*Freeman's Journal.*]

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Arrangements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electrical, Chemical, and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Fairbank's Laboratory, 50, Pall-mall.—We draw special attention to the newly-invented *Electric Heater* for giving warmth, and for the cure of various diseases, and a *Electric Battery* of acid; also to the *Electric Light* and the *Electric Motor*, which is now sold at 2s. per foot, and to the *Electric Electric*, a beautiful piece of apparatus, price 25s. to 50s.—[Advertisement.]

Taste unobscured tea now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavor with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use hence their great demand.—[Advt.]

NO FINE COMPLAINS without a WILCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. For particulars, on application at 155, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

THE RIVER POPULATION OF CANTON.

An immense number of the Cantonese spend their existence wholly on the river. Some of the boats which swarm along the banks are permanently anchored, and to these others of all dimensions and of indescribable forms are moored. Some of these vessels are built like houses; and there are regularly established floating shops, for the accommodation of the river population. The pleasure-boats are often very handsomely decorated; resplendent with gilding, elegantly carved, and embellished with lattice-work. At night the river presents a most fantastic spectacle. Fleets of these river habitations, hung round with lanterns, cruise about incessantly, without ever fouling each other. The skill of their occupants in this respect is really admirable; you see at once that they are an aquatic population—born, living, and dying on the water.

Women usually manage the boats, for which they have such a capacity that they are often trusted to steer the largest junks. Nor are they remarkable for expert rowing and steering alone, but for their general ugliness also. However, they have commonly one recommendation for the lovers of the beautiful—white, regular teeth. As for their morals, they are not nearly so regular. The Canton boat-women usually wear a cloth kerchief tied about their heads, and a baby slung at their backs, sometimes.

The aquatic tendencies of the Chinese are naturally attended by a great love for the water-lily, which, indeed, has always been a favourite in China. Poets have celebrated it; the Doctors of Reason number it amongst the ingredients necessary for the elixir of immortality, and economists praise it for its utility.

"This plant," says the Abbe Huc, "commonly called in China *lienhoa*, has broad rounded leaves, scalloped at the edges, fleshy, full of veins, and sloping to the middle; some swim on the surface of the water, others rise above it to different heights. They are of a tender green on the upper surface, rather darker underneath, and supported by long stalks spotted with black.

"The flowers of the water-lily have numerous petals, disposed in such a manner that when they are not completely open you might take them for large tulips; afterwards they expand into a rose-like form. In the middle of the flower is a large central pistil, which becomes a rounded, spongy fruit, divided throughout its length into cells full of oblong seeds, enveloped in a kind of shell like the acorn, and composed like it of two white lobes, between which is the germ. The stamens are very delicate filaments terminating in violet-coloured anthers.

"The Chinese distinguish four kinds of water-lily—the yellow, the white, the red, and the pink, the three latter sometimes with single flowers, sometimes with double. This plant may be propagated by seeds, but more easily and rapidly by roots; it does not require any kind of culture, and there is nothing comparable to the effect produced by this splendid flower on the ponds and basins of China. It does not bud till towards the end of May, but its germination is very rapid, and its great leaves lying on the surface of the water or raised majestically to various heights, form a covering of most exquisite verdure, the beauty of which is of course enhanced, when it is enamelled by flowers of various dyes. They are larger than poppies, and their dazzling tints are beautifully relieved by the green leaves. The young Chinese poets are particularly fond of celebrating the beauty of the water-lily gleaming in the moonlight as the boats row about the basins, illumined by swarms of glow-worms and fire-flies.

"The water-lily is very remarkable, too, in a utilitarian point of view. Its seeds are eaten as nuts are in Europe, and boiled in sugar and water they are considered delicious by epicures. The gigantic root is a great resource for culinary preparations, and in whatever way it is dressed, it is always excellent and wholesome. The Chinese pickle great quantities of it with salt and vinegar, to eat with rice; reduced to a powder, it is extremely agreeable when boiled with milk or water, and in the summer it is eaten raw like fruit, and is very refreshing. Finally, the leaves are constantly made use of instead of paper for wrapping up all kinds of things, and when dried are often mixed with tobacco, to render it a little milder."

AN ARTIST WITHOUT ARMS.—There dwells in Antwerp an artist named Fillu, who, born without arms, educated his feet effectively to do their work. His taste directed his choice of life. He became a painter, and has succeeded in being a very accomplished one. He may be seen in the museum, copying with great fidelity some fine work or other. He balances himself with ease and firmness on a stool, grasps his maulstick and palette with the left great toe, and with the right uses his brush with perfect facility. The toes of his feet alone are exposed. M. Fillu has a most agreeable and intelligent physiognomy.—*Art Journal*.



CHINESE BOAT-GIRL STEERING A SAMPAN.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BIRMINGHAM EXCHANGE.

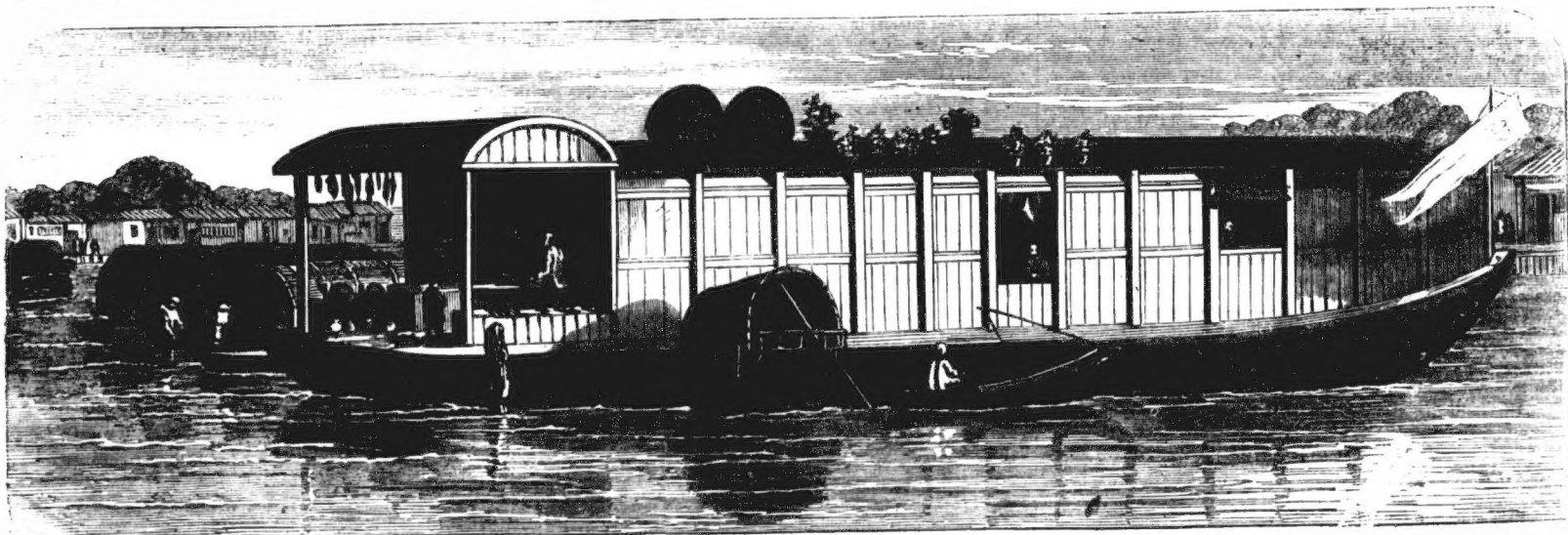
ON Monday the new Exchange recently erected at Birmingham by a limited liability company, at a cost of upwards of £20,000, was formally dedicated to public use, the inaugural ceremony being performed by Mr. W. Scholefield, the senior member for the borough, and president of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. The buildings, which have been nearly two years in progress, are situated in close proximity to the central railway station in New-street, and the noble free grammar school of King Edward VI., a capital example of the work of the late Sir Charles Barry. The exterior of the Exchange buildings is of stone, in the Gothic style of architecture, treated in the fashion prevailing in most of the leading cities on the Continent. The main front is in Stephenson-place, forming a handsome facade, having a central clock tower 145 feet high, and wings at the extreme ends.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.—The Berlin journals relate the following incident which has just taken place in Prussia:—"A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signalled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. With an heroic devotedness to his duty the unfortunate man adopted a sublime resolution. 'Lie down!' he shouted out to the child, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of a hundred passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to take up only a corpse, but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order—he had lain down—and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the King sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for courage."

FEMALE FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THERE are so many materials in vogue for the present season, that surely all tastes must find something with which they can be pleased. Linsey, "knickerbocker," flannel, and composite materials, such as silk and woollen reps, or woollen poplin, are made into morning dresses and robes de chambre; silks, moires, satins, and velvets are only applicable to toilettes de ville, and dinner dress, or ball-room wear. Tulle, or tarlatane, crape, and Chambery gauze are worn over satin or silk skirts. The flannels now worn in and out of doors are of a much thicker make than those to which we are accustomed, and are called molleton. The most fashionable are of scarlet or bright blue, with small designs in black. The pattern of the material is simulated in the trimmings; for instance, should the flannel be scarlet, with narrow black stripes, narrow braids will be employed to ornament it. If with spots or squares of black, buttons of the same form will be used as trimming. Many dresses and cloaks in these simple fabrics are trimmed with rows of round cord, or tubular braid, on which are sprinkled small steel or jet beads. These cords are placed in rows around the skirt, and carried up each breadth as high as the knee; or, in some cases, straight up the middle of the back. Morning dresses thus trimmed are generally made with a round plain body, and small basque behind only. The sleeves of these bodies are always small, with elbow seams. With these dresses it is customary to wear a petticoat of the same, over which the skirt is raised; they are also accompanied by cloaks of the same, short half-fitting paletots, or camails, with or without hood. This style of dress and cloak alike, is now considered only suitable for morning toilet, and is rarely seen in any dressy material, with the exception of velvet. For toilettes de visite, moire, satin, faille silk—that is, unwatered moire—taffetas antique, and velvet, are much worn. Many opera cloaks that we have seen were of scarlet, trimmed with black lace, or embroidered in black and white floss silks. The little hoods now worn over the head-dress during the transit to and from the carriage are very pretty, and in many cases becoming. We give preference to the Marie Stuart shape, with a deep curtain falling over the shoulders. If these are made in lace on some transparent materials, they are, of course, lined to match the dress or cloak which they accompany. The most elegant cloaks for morning wear are made of the "Mount St Bernard" cloth, the half-fitting paletot being the most fashionable form for this material. If made in white these cloaks are excessively *distingues*, but only suitable for carriage and quite dress wear. Mantles of velvet pile or cloth are trimmed with passementerie, or the curly Astrakan; other furs and feather ornaments being reserved for velvet. Beaded passementerie is very successfully employed with guipure on both dresses and cloaks. Small veils are much worn, and appear likely to continue in favour. We are very happy to see the decided return of necklaces; they are not confined to evening wear, but accompany morning toilettes, though, of course, in a modified form. The long chains or beads have become excessively vulgar, one row close round the throat, with a medallion, is sometimes worn. But the most elegant of these collars are of plain riband velvet, fastened with a snap, and ornamented with gold coins, small sprays of steel work. Cameo or portrait medallions are much worn; they are suspended from the collar, or from a small chain.—*La Follie*.

GALLANT RESCUE.—During the voyage of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Bombay* from Melbourne to Galle, in August last, she fell in with a very heavy south-west gale off the south coast of Australia. There was a tremendous sea running, and two of the crew (*Lascars*) were washed overboard from the bowsprit. Although the attempt to save them seemed hopeless, a boat was lowered, and Mr. Silas Fowler, the second officer, with six of the crew, volunteered to put off to the rescue. At a distance of more than a mile from the ship, when they were on the point of giving up the search, they providentially came upon the men, and got them into the boat, one of them having his thigh broken. Great anxiety was felt by all in the ship for the safety of the boat's crew, and when they returned on board with the rescued men they were received with loud cheers. A subscription was immediately raised among the passengers and officers of the ship, out of which a sum of money equal to a month's pay was given to each of the men, and a handsome testimonial to Mr. Fowler. On his arrival in England a few days ago the testimonial was presented to him in the shape of a valuable field-glass, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Silas Fowler, Esq., second officer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Bombay*, by the passengers and officers of the ship on her passage from Melbourne to Galle, August, 1864, for his bravery in saving the lives of two *Lascars* who were washed overboard."



SKETCHES IN CHINA.—A CHINESE SHOP-BOAT, OR GENERAL STORE.

AN "ALICE GREY" IN BIRMINGHAM.

A CURIOUS case came before Messrs. T. Colmore and A. Dixon, at the Erdington Police-court, on Friday. A "lady of respectable appearance," aged thirty, who gave her name as "Mrs. Young," was charged with stealing £80, the property of Maria Holloway. The prosecutrix is the mother of Mrs. Perrins, who is the wife of a brush manufacturer in Camden-street, Birmingham, but who resides in the Victoria-road, Aston. On Tuesday, the 13th ult., a lady, dressed in black, called at the house of Mr. Perrins, in the Victoria-road. She saw Mrs. Perrins, and stated that she wished to rent a house of her. Mrs. Perrins said she could not go with her to show her over it, as she was without a servant. The lady replied, "I know a young person that would just suit you. She is an orphan, and when out of a situation lives with me. My name is Mrs. Young, and I live in Alma-street." Mrs. Perrins said she would see her, and it was arranged that the "young person" should come on Saturday morning. On that morning the prisoner, who was the "young person," came and agreed with Mrs. Perrins, and she entered on her duties on Saturday night. The prisoner said her name was "Ann." All went well on the Saturday night and on the next day, Sunday. On Monday morning Mrs. Perrins went out to collect some rents, leaving the prisoner and three children in the house. So soon as Mrs. Perrins was gone out, the prisoner locked the three children in a room, as she said, at their mother's desire, and went up-stairs "to do her work." On Mrs. Perrins's return, she was going up-stairs, when the prisoner told one of the children to call her down, or the baby, who was poorly, would die. This was done, and Mrs. Perrins came down again. The prisoner then said she knew a lady in Philip-street who had some very nice goose-oil, which she was sure would do the child good, and she would go and fetch some. She went, but forgot to return. In the meantime Mrs. Perrins had gone up-stairs, and discovered that £80, which belonged to her mother, and which she had left safe in a drawer, was gone. She communicated with the police, and search was made in Alma-street for Mrs. Young. The lady in black could not be discovered; but a house was found shut up, but in the possession of a Mrs. Harvey. The police having good reason to believe that Mrs. Young and Mrs. Harvey were "closely" connected, followed up the track after Mrs. Harvey, and discovered that she was residing in a house at Potter's-hill, Aston. Police-superintendent Bloxham, accompanied by a police-constable and Mrs. Perrins, went there on Monday last. Mr. Bloxham knocked at the door and a female came. He stated who he was, and demanded admittance. The female replied that she would not open the door, and she drew an extra bolt across it. Access was then obtained at a bed-room window. The prisoner was discovered in the kitchen sitting before the fire, on which a quantity of paper was smouldering. Only 8s. 10½d. in money was found in the house, but a receipted bill for £4 11s. was taken from the prisoner's person. It was also ascertained that the prisoner had paid between £80 and £40 to different tradesmen within the last few days. The same prisoner was then charged with stealing three suits of clothes, value £5, the property of Eliza Partridge, Warwick-street, Walsall, on the 17th of May last. The prisoner came on the 12th of that month to lodge with the prosecutrix, and left on the 17th. On the 18th the goods were missed, and information given to the police. A description of the goods was sent round to all the pawnbrokers in the district, but nothing was heard of them. The prisoner gave the name of Ann to the prosecutrix, and she being sent for when the prisoner was in custody on the first charge, recognised her. She then confessed that two of the suits were at Mr. Smith's, pawnbroker, Potter's-hill, and the other suit was at Miss Mack's, pawnbroker, Philip-street. The police found them there. The prisoner was committed to the ensuing Warwick sessions on both charges. Mr. Dixon said he could not let the opportunity pass without severely censuring the two pawnbrokers mentioned. If they, when the notices were sent out, had given up the clothes the case would have come on then, and the prosecutrix in the first case would, in all probability, have been saved the serious loss of a large sum of money. Since the prisoner's incarceration she has confessed to Superintendent Bloxham that "Mrs. Young" and "Ann" were the same person. That by the means of false hair and teeth, and different dresses, she so disguised herself that when she appeared before Mrs. Perrins as "Ann," and in propria persona, that lady did not recognise her. She insists that she did not steal £80, but £21. She also states that on one occasion when the police were searching her house for a cash-box she was washing, and had the cash-box hidden at the bottom of the "jowl." On another occasion when she was wanted herself she hid under the counter of a grocer's shop, amongst the bacon and cheese. Her history is a most remarkable one. At the early age of nineteen she was tried at Erdington, on the 11th of July, and, after commitment, was



CHINESE BOAT-GIRL ROWING A SAMPAN. (See page 468.)

sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. In 1853 she was again sentenced, at Birmingham, to ten years penal servitude. This was afterwards commuted to eight months. A short time after she again came out of prison she was tried again at Birmingham, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude, which term she served at Brixton, returning in 1859. When she came back she got married to a gun-barrel forger, and lived with him a short time. Nothing has since been heard of her until within the last few months. She is stated to be wanted in Birmingham on some half-dozen charges, and the police have for some time been on the look-out for her.—*Birmingham Post.*

SUFFOCATED BY CHARCOAL.—The captain and mate of a Russian merchant ship now lying in the Royal Dock, at Grimsby, were, on Saturday morning, found dead in their berths. On Friday evening the captain "turned in" to his berth, and was subsequently followed by the mate, who, before getting into his bed, according to custom, put a cap over the funnel connected with the fire-place of the cabin. There was a charcoal fire burning, and on some of the crew entering the cabin in the morning they found both men dead. It is supposed they were suffocated by the fumes of the charcoal.—*Eastern Morning News.*

PENNY PARAFFINE LAMPS.—An inquiry was held on Monday, by Dr. Lankester, at the Holborn Workhouse, respecting the death of Annie Hanks, aged seven years. Mary Ann Hanks, 3, Fox's-court, Holborn, said that on the 14th of December the deceased went to play with the children of Mrs. Mansfield, a shopkeeper in the same court. An hour afterwards the witness heard that she was in the Royal Free Hospital in consequence of burns she had received. On last Tuesday week she was taken to the Holborn Union Infirmary, where she died on Saturday. She had been treated there with great care and kindness both by the surgeon and the nurses. Mrs. Mansfield, 13, Fox's-court, said that her children and the deceased, on the evening of the 14th of December, went up-stairs to put the baby to bed. A girl, eight years old, carried a penny paraffine lamp. The lamp got so hot that she dropped it; the oil blazed up, and deceased, to get out of the way, jumped over the flame. She caught fire instantly. The witness went to her aid directly, and would have been burnt too, but that she had a woollen dress on. Mr. John Norton, surgeon to the infirmary, said that the deceased was most fearfully burnt. The coroner said that there appeared to be some danger attached to the use of penny paraffine lamps. If a candle had been used it was certain that the child would not have had to drop it on account of the heat. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death by fire."

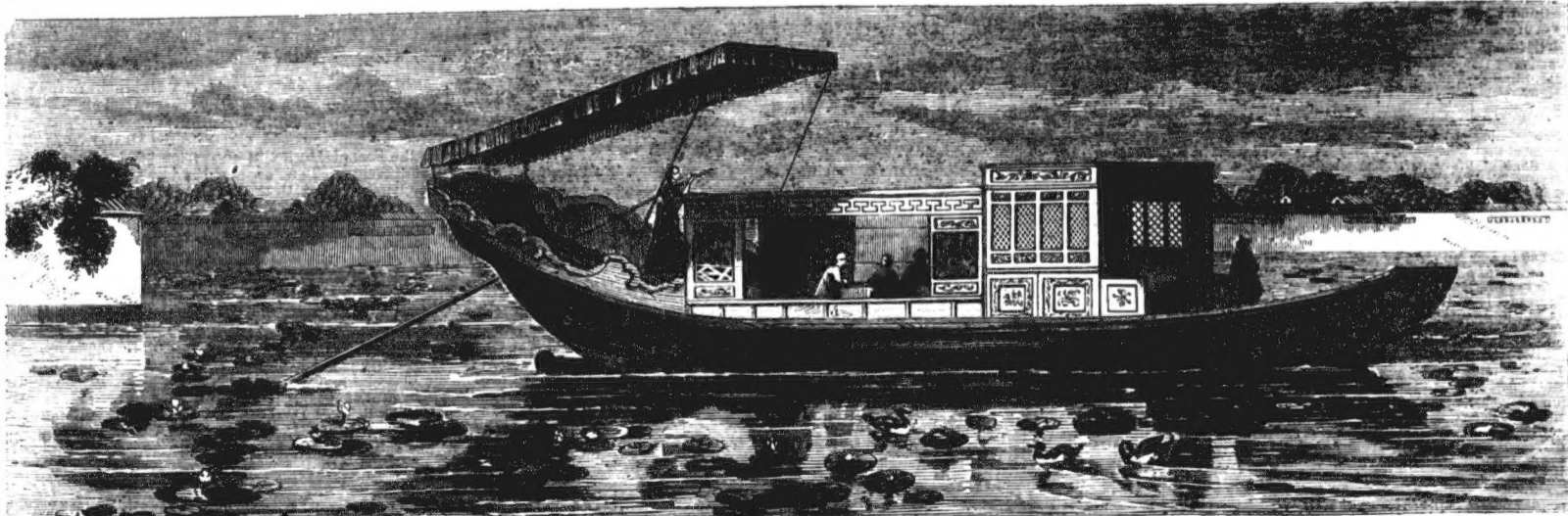
ALLEGED MANSLAUGHTER BY AN OFFICER.

On Wednesday evening week a fatal catastrophe occurred at the village of Preston Plucknett, about a mile from Yeovil. It appears that Lieutenant Langworthy of the 7th Fusiliers, who is now on a visit to his father, the well-known solicitor of Ilminster, left home in order to attend the county ball at Yeovil. He drove a horse and four-wheel, and was accompanied by his father's groom. He reached Preston all safe shortly after nine o'clock. In the centre of the village the Yeovil rifle corps band was playing, and a crowd had collected around it. Lieutenant Langworthy drove right through the band and crowd at a gallop. The horse knocked down a man, named John Gear, and the wheels went over his head and neck. Lieutenant Langworthy went on, but pulled up about seventy or eighty yards from the scene of the accident. The mob, on his alighting from the carriage, became very excited, and Lieutenant Langworthy was assaulted by the sergeant of the band, and others. The poor man Gear, on being taken up, died almost instantaneously. From the manner in which Lieutenant Langworthy drove through the crowd, and from what was alleged to have been seen by several persons standing near, the Lieutenant was given into the custody of the police at Yeovil, but was admitted the same night to bail. On Friday week Lieutenant Langworthy was taken before Mr. W. Harbin and Mr. T. Messiter, county magistrates, charged with causing the death of John Gear. As the inquest upon the body had not been held, the officer was remanded, bail being accepted, himself in £500 and two sureties of £250 each.

On Saturday morning Dr. Wybrante, county coroner, held an inquest upon the body of the unfortunate man Gear, at the Bell Inn, Preston. Mr. Sydney Watts, solicitor of Yeovil, watched the case on behalf of Lieutenant Langworthy. A witness, named George Tutton, swore that he hallooed out to the Lieutenant to stop, but that directly he did so the officer struck the horse with the whip and it galloped through the crowd. The horse was going so fast that there was no time for the crowd to disperse. Instead of Lieutenant Langworthy endeavouring to prevent the accident, Tutton swore that he urged on the horse. A man named James Gamblin corroborated Tutton's evidence, and swore that he saw Lieutenant Langworthy strike the horse three times after he had been called to pull up. Sarah Roper said that she saw the Lieutenant strike the horse with the whip as it dashed through the crowd. On the other hand, Lieutenant Langworthy, who expressed a wish to be examined, and the groom stated that upon the horse hearing the music it immediately became restive, and as it neared the band it became wholly unmanageable. The horse rushed through the crowd, and the only thing they could do was to keep it in the middle of the road. Both swore positively that the whip was not taken out of the pocket, during the whole journey from Ilminster to Yeovil, and Lieutenant Langworthy emphatically denied having struck the horse when nearing the crowd. The Lieutenant and groom each stated that a whip had never been used upon the horse since it had been in the possession of Mr. Langworthy, sen. To contradict this evidence a young woman was called, who said that when the carriage stopped she distinctly saw that the groom had the reins and whip in his hand. The coroner said that if they believed the three witnesses who had sworn distinctly that they saw the Lieutenant strike the horse with the whip, they must, however painful their duty might be, return a verdict of manslaughter. But if they considered that the three witnesses were mistaken, and that the explanation given by Lieutenant Langworthy—supported as he was by his groom—was correct, they would return a verdict of accidental death. The jury, after a long consultation, returned a verdict of "Accidental death," adding that there was not sufficient evidence to show whether Lieutenant Langworthy had used diligence to prevent the accident or otherwise.

DEATH IN THE SNOW.—There was a very heavy fall of snow on Dartmoor on Saturday night. The roads are blocked up. A young man, a schoolmaster, belong to the convict prison, lost his life in attempting to walk from Tavistock to the prison at Princetown, a distance of seven miles. His body was found in a snow drift on Sunday night by the prison officers. Another man had a narrow escape; he was found insensible.

A NOVEL PRESENT.—At a meeting of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians a communication was received from Lord Palmerston, forwarding to the college twelve pots of pomade, which had no doubt been recommended to his lordship as possessed of some remarkable properties. What these properties were believed to be did not quite appear, but the prevailing impression seemed to be that the ointment was intended to cure the many bald heads amongst the Fellows.



CHINESE PLEASURE BOAT AMONG THE WATER LILIES. (See page 468.)

BOW BELLS.

THE REISSUE OF Nos. 1 AND 2.
For January 10th, 1865, is Now Ready.

With No. 1 is presented G. R. A. T. I. S.
The admitted Coloured Picture of

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,

With No. 2 is presented GRATIS
The Companion Picture of

DICK WHITTINGTON,

Forming a Handsome Pair of Pictures for framing.
On Tuesday, Jan. 17, on 3 and 4

WILL BE READY,
With which Numbers will be

PRESENTED GRATIS
SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S

PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

of

THE RETURN FROM HAWKING,

and

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE RUSSIAN

SOCIETY.

*. In consequence of the immense expense incurred the Four Presents
will be GIVEN AWAY for a SHORT TIME ONLY.

With No. 31 of the re-issue of BOW BELLS

A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE

WILL BE PRESENTED TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

*. To Non-subscribers the Price will be 10s. 6d.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand

THE BRITISH DRAMA,

Comprising

THE WORKS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED DRAMATISTS

On Wednesday, Nov. 16, was published, Price One Shilling, Volume
I of the BRITISH DRAMA, containing the following popular plays:—
THE GAMESTER.
JANE SHORE.
THE MAN OF THE WORLD.
LOVE IN A VILLAGE.
PIZZARRO.
SHE STOODS TO CONQUER.
DOUGLAS.
THE DEVIL TO PAY.
THE ADOPTED CHILD.
THE CASTLE SPECTRE.
THE MAYOR OF GARRATT.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED—PRICE ONE SHILLING.

With which is presented, GRATIS, Portraits of the celebrated
Tragedians,

MR. S. PHELPS and MR. C. KEAN.

Volume II will be ready for publication in a few days.

*. The BRITISH DRAMA is also published in Weekly Penny Numbers.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Drawn by that celebrated artist, JOHN GILBERT.

The picture measures 30 inches by 28, is carefully printed on plate paper
expressly for framing, and may be considered one of the finest specimens
of Wood-Engraving ever presented to the public.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers

SHAKSPEARE, TWO SHILLINGS.

The complete works of Shakspeare, elegantly bound, containing thirty-seven
illustrations and portrait of the author, now publishing.

*. Clergymen and schools liberally treated with for large quantities.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

		H. W. L. B.	
		A. M.	P. M.
7	Bishop of Ely died, 1864	9 49	0 17
8	1st Sunday after Epiphany	10 56	11 36
9	Plough Monday—Fire insurance due	...	0 6
10	Hilary Term begins	0 33	1 6
11	First lottery in England, 1563	1 32	1 55
12	Cambridge Term begins	2 16	2 36
13	Oxford Term begins	2 58	3 16

Moon's Changes.—Full moon, 11th, 8h. 42m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Isaiah 44; Matt. 6.

AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 46; Romans 6.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. John Dicks at the Office 313,
Strand.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS
313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr.
DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly re-
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
dicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

"MISSIS AND MATRIMONY."—This is the title of a work which we can re-
commend to our readers, especially those of the softer sex. It is from
the pen of Captain W. W. Knollys, of the 93rd Highlanders, and is pub-
lished in a cheap form by Maxwell and Co. of Fleet-street. It contains
the diary of a young lady who goes out on a husband-hunting expedi-
tion to India and she is represented as writing her adventures in the
form of a journal. Her schemes to ensnare her admirers—the manner
in which she plays off one against another—her disappointments and
failures—and her passing reflections on persons and things, are all
admirably described and constitute a very agreeable volume.

B. S. O.—Eton Duke of York, bore for his device a lion in a fetter-
lock, signifying that he was locked up from all hope and possibility of
the Kingdom.

STANDARD.—The term "brevet" in the British service is applied to a com-
mission conferring on an officer a degree of rank immediately above
that he holds in his regiment without conveying a power to receive the
corresponding pay. Brevet-rank does not exist in the navy, and in the
army it does not descend lower than the captain nor higher than the
lieutenant-colonel.

FANDECK.—"Barabady Budge" was dramatised and played at the Ly-
ceum Theatre in the summer of 1741.

MECHANIC.—Government has never offered any prize for the discovery of
a perpetual motion.

LEO.—A portion of Rossini's "Mores in Egypt" was introduced in the
oratorio of "Israhel in Egypt," brought out at Covent Garden Theatre
during the Lent of 1833.

BATON.—Mr. Balfie played in "The Siege of Rochelle" when first produced
at Drury Lane.

THOMAS.—The character of Jack Rags, the crossing-sweeper, was origi-
nally played by Mr. John Bovey, and belonged to a drama called the
"Climbing Boy," written by H. B. Peake, and produced at the Lyceum
Theatre in 1851.

HARRY F.—The Strand Theatre was first opened in 1831.
A FATHER.—The omission to register the birth of the child will not affect
his legal right to share in the moneys in question, providing you have
his certificate of baptism.

J. BARNARD.—The fees would have to be paid to the Secretary of the
Dramatic Authors' Society, of which the author of the piece was a
member.

R. F.—Henry Carey wrote the words and composed the music of "Sally
in Our Alley."

TIMOTHY.—A cheap catechism on electricity was published by Rolfe and
Fletcher, Alder gate-street.

J. H. F.—Apply to a magistrate; he will compel your master to sur-
render the indentures.

TRO.—The whole of the United Kingdom, with the British Isles, com-
prises about 80,000 sq. miles.

MARCH.—Berlioz's work, "The Damnation of Faust," was produced at the
Opera Comique in 1848.

NEMO.—A tender of more than forty shillings in silver is not good; but it
would be good if not objected to on that account.

D. B.—St. Pancras Church, New-road, is a close copy of the Temple of
Erechtheus, at Athens. The foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of
York, July 1, 1819.

DECATO.—Flexmore was the original Pierrot in the Masquerade Scene of
"The Corsican Brothers."

F. W.—A bill of sale must be registered to be of any use as against
creditors.

CORPORAL.—The British regiments were embodied almost without excep-
tion during the Russian war of 1854-1856.

R. B. B.—The President steamship sailed from New York for Liverpool
on the 11th of March, 1841.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE past year has been in many respects an eventful one. The
Queen and her spreading family have had their experiences, sweet
and bitter, like the rest of us. Three grandchildren have been
born to the Queen—our future Prince of Wales, one at Berlin, and
one at Darmstadt. While the Continental despots have been cir-
cling about in Europe, like flies in the air, as if for the purpose of
encountering or avoiding each other, it was felt everywhere that
the Queen of England could not go to Germany this year. Almost
all the Continental sovereigns and their prime ministers have met,
at various times and places: but England does not want to enter
into their counsel, under the present aspect of affairs; and the only
representative of our royal family has been Prince Alfred at
Berlin (where he received the Order of the Black Eagle), against
the inclination of the people at home, and probably against his own.
People at home liked better to hear of him as a student at Bonn.
It has been a year of much sickness and unusual mortality; and
this appears in the long list of deaths of eminent as well as common
or unknown men. Everybody's first thought will be of the two
statesmen whom old men little thought to survive, the Duke of
Newcastle and the Earl of Carlisle. The Church has lost two
bishops—Drs. Tait and Ely, and Davys, of Peterborough. The
navy has lost two admirals—Gage (Admiral of the Fleet) and
Saumarez. Among the peers, two Dukes of Cleveland have died
within eight months of each other. The peerage of the Earls of
Clare has become extinct. The Duke of Athole and the Earl of
Aberdeen have died in middle life; and Lord Ashburton before he
was old. From the House of Commons Mr. Spooner will be
missed with kindly feelings by those who differed from him most.
Among political agitators Smith O'Brien must be first, in
whatever year he died; but there was also William Johnson
Fox, member for Oldham. The lawyers have lost Sir
William Atherton, late Attorney-General, and the aged but not
forgotten Sergeant Merewether, and Sergeant Stephen, whose com-
mentaries are a hand-book in the profession. In philosophy and
science we cannot restrict ourselves to our own country, and must
therefore feel the loss, not only of our Professor Ferrier and
Leonard Horner, but of the greater Struve, the Russian, and Sill-
man, the American. In his own way, Pere Enfantin, some time
Chief of the St. Simonian brotherhood, whose name was dear to
many brilliant and enthusiastic Frenchmen thirty years ago, should
rank with ardent workers whose work is done. With our own
lamented traveller and discoverer, Captain Speke, we may remember
Jules Gerard, who had his own merits as an African traveller. In
literature we have lost not only veterans, like Walter Savage
Landon, the lovely survivor of a classic age, and the poor poet Clare,
and Alaric Watts, who came into view with the almost forgotten
Annals, and Lucy Aikin, who wrote historical memoirs before the
new birth of history, and Catherine Sinclair, now so much better
known by her social benefactions than by her novels, and F. E.
Smedley and T. Colley Grattan, who gave us novels, and essays,
and social sketches,—but some from whom we hoped to hear
much wit and wisdom yet. Adelaide A. Procter is gone, and
Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose genius has been (and let us hope will be)
a tie between his own country and ours. Colonel Torrens and
Mculloch, busy men in the early days of political economy, have
died out in a good old age. George Daniel and Charles Winston,
antiquarian in their respective ways; Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenaeum*,
Professor Pillans, the great promoter of education in his day, and
Nassau W. Senior, known and regretted as professor, economist,
administrator, lawyer, essayist, have left us during the year. Among
the artists the ravage has been great. Of actors we have lost
Frederick Robson and the gallant veteran T. P. Cooke. In music,
Meyerbeer is the world's loss, in which we share. Poor Behner,
the sculptor, in leaving his life of trouble, recalled many memories
of old achievements. Of painters, we have lost Dyce and W. H.
Hunt, David Roberts, with his beloved desert and old temples, and
Lance, with his fruit and flowers; the dignified president of the
Scottish Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, and our dear familiar
friend and most lovable censor, John Leech. It is a long list of
bereavements—of losses irreparable to ourselves. We can only
hope that among the thousands new-born within the year there
may be some endowed with a genius and force of character which
shall make them to a future generation what those whom we have
lost have been to us.

WE are engaged in another of those costly nuisances, a little war,
and it is a great blessing to have in India a viceroy who not only
commands confidence by his qualities, but has that experience of

the native races and their ways which is our best security against
needless frontier wars. If the Bhootan quarrel is to be prosecuted
in so serious a way as by a military expedition, we may feel assured
that there is now no escape from the necessity, as Sir J. Lawrence
is quite as reluctant as any one else can be to engage in an adven-
ture so disagreeable, so dangerous to valuable lives, and so little
satisfactory, even in case of the best result. Whether the necessity
might have been avoided by more foresight and better wisdom at
an earlier time is another question, and one which there is no use
in discussing now. On the 12th of November the viceroy issued a
proclamation announcing the military expedition against Bhootan,
and explaining the causes of it. The immediate object of the pro-
clamation was to prepare the chiefs, landholders, and peasants in
the region to be traversed for understanding and doing their duty.
That duty is simply to keep quiet in their homes and at their busi-
ness, aiding the troops if requested to do so, and fearing no harm.
The way in which the British envoy was treated last year has
brought on the final determination. Our settlements in Assam
must be rendered safe from attack by these hill barbarians, who
think they have snubbed the British power, and may continue
their incursions. The districts belonging to the Bhootas in Bengal
are therefore declared to be annexed to Bengal; and so much of
the hill region as is necessary to protect the plains and the Dar-
jeeling district. Three forts, guarding the passes from Bhootan,
are included in the annexed territory. When the Bhootas have
been dealt with there will be a survey of the frontier lands, and
determination of the new boundary. This kind of work, which
we are for ever hoping we have done with, is always turning up
again; and nobody can feel more disgust at it than the present
viceroy, who is regarded with more deference by the hill tribes
than, perhaps, any of his predecessors. In the proclamation he
expresses the reluctance he feels; and there is ground for much
reluctance on account of all the parties concerned.

The Court.

The *Churchman* is responsible for the following story:—"The
hand of the Princess Mary of Cambridge was sought by a peer of
Great Britain (Lord Hood). The Royal Marriage Act, however,
stood in the way. It is true that it is in the power of the Queen to
remove all obstacles by her consent. This, we regret to learn, was
refused. If it is necessary to preserve the throne of these realms as
an object of competition for the illustrious race of the Saxe-Coburgs,
by all means let it be done; but since the Princess Mary, or any
children of hers, could hardly by any possibility succeed to that
station, the refusal is utterly without excuse, and deeply do we re-
gret that her Majesty should have been advised to withhold her
consent. However, consent or no, in the presence of God,
and with the blessings of the Church, the Princess Mary, as
we hear, has asserted her own rights, and the marriage has
taken place."

On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, the ceremony of distri-
buting her Majesty's new year's gifts to the poor of New Windsor
and the district took place in the Butchers' Market, beneath the
Town Hall, Windsor, in the presence of Mr. W. E. Harris (the
mayor), the Rev. H. J. Ellison, the vicar of Windsor, the Rev. T.
Carter, of Clewer, the Rev. H. Hawtrey, of Holy Trinity, Windsor,
&c. The Queen's bounty consisted of portions of beef of the finest
quality, weighing from 3lbs. to 7lbs. (supplied by Messrs. Bed-
borough and Sons, purveyors to the Queen and Prince of Wales,
and Messrs. Copeland and Hughes, the principal butchers in
Windsor), and quantities of coal of from 1 cwt. to 3 cwt., supplied
by Mr. Little, coal merchant, of the Great Western Railway yard,
Windsor. The coals were delivered at the residence of the re-
cipients. The beef was presented in the market, the distribution to
several hundred recipients being superintended by Mr. Miller, the
clerk controller of the kitchen at Windsor Castle, assisted by Mr.
Renwick. The scene presented was a very striking and interest-
ing one. The forms in the market, the avenue leading to which was
guarded by the borough police, were loaded with pieces of beef,
being ticketed with the proper weights. As soon as the gates were
opened the market became thronged by those of the poor entitled to
partake of her Majesty's bounty, and the distribution of the
beef was commenced. Gradually the large red piles of meat were
reduced in size as the recipients, with smiling faces, retired with
their gifts, and in about twenty minutes all had received the
bounty awarded to them. During the distribution the bells of the
parish church of St. John rang out a merry peal.

NEW PEERS.

THE session of parliament which is now rapidly approaching will
see several new faces in both houses. The familiar form of the
Duke of Newcastle has passed away from the House of Lords, and
his place will be filled by his eldest son, the Earl of Lincoln, who
in past years was a well-known member of the House of Commons.
The Duke of Cleveland, who enjoyed his honours but a few months,
has also passed away, and his seat will be filled by his brother
Lord Harry Vane, a distinguished member of the Lower House,
who occasionally took a prominent part in its proceedings, and who,
it will be remembered, nominated the present speaker for his high
office. The Earl of Oadgod died on the 15th of September, and
at the meeting of parliament Viscount Chelsea, his eldest son, who
for some time represented the borough of Dover, will be entitled to
take his seat in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Bristol died on
the 30th of October, and his place in the House of Lords will be
taken by Earl Jermyn, the late Conservative member for West
Sussex. Viscount Boringdon, of Balliol College, Oxford, who is
just concluding a distinguished career in the University, will take
his seat as the Earl of Morley in succession to his father, who died
on the 28th of August. The new earl has just attained his majority,
having been born on the 11th of June, 1843. His Royal Highness
the late Prince Consort stood sponsor to him at his baptism. The
death of the Earl of Stair, which has recently taken place, creates
another vacancy in the House of Lords, which will be supplied by
Viscount Dalrymple, who will succeed as Baron Oxenford, of Coun-
land, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, the earldom of Stair
being a Scotch peerage. Lord Manners died on the 14th of No-
vember, causing a blank in the House of Lords for the
present, inasmuch as the successor to the title was born
on the 15th of May, 1852, and will not, therefore, reach
his majority till 1873. The death of Lord Rodney, who
died on the 19th of August, will also create a blank in the House of
Lords, which cannot be filled up until 1873, when his successor,
the Hon. George Bridges Dennett, his eldest son, will be of age.
The Hon. and Rev. W. G. Howard, rector of Lonsborough, York-
shire, will be entitled to take his seat as successor to the late Earl of
Carlisle.

NEW YEAR'S REVELS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

ON our front page we give an illustration of the interior of the
Crystal Palace, as daily seen through the holidays. We shall re-
serve our particulars until next week, in order to give an account of
the Twelfth Night amusements.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

In carrying out our promise of giving the whole of the plots of the Christmas novelties, we now proceed to give as many as our space will permit, reserving others for a future number.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Sothorn has re-appeared here with the same marked success as was before accorded him. His hearers in all parts of the house follow him through his character with breathless attention, and manifest as much pleasure in seeing him in the piece of "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For" as in the more substantial play of "David Garrick." Mr. H. J. Byron's new fairy extravaganza, "Princess Spring-Time" follows, and when we say that Mr. Crompton, Miss Louise Keely, and Miss Nelly Moore take the principal characters, our readers will want no further assurance that the piece is successful, and that it is destined to draw a full house as long as the Christmas season for the season remains on the stage. No fault can be found with the work of Mr. Byron; it is quite equal to any of the numerous emanations from his brain, and fully testifies to the fertility of his imagination. But the actors have done justice to the author, and deserved as much praise as he. The cast is as follows:—King Kokolono, Mr. Crompton; Fannarinet, Miss Louise Keely; Princess Spring-Time, Miss Nelly Moore; An Enchantress, Miss Fauny Wright; Arabosia (a wicked spiteful old fairy), Mr. Clarke; the Queen, Mr. Coo; and the minor characters were taken by Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Worrell, Misses Lindley, Vardo, Lovell, Coleman, Digby, Coulson, and Harvey, all of whom sustained their parts with considerable ability. The scenery, which is very splendid, is the work of Messrs. O'Connor and Morris, and the Beautiful Island, which forms the last scene, eclipses, if possible, its predecessors in delicacy of execution, and is fairly entitled to the name given to it. "Princess Spring-Time" is equal to any Christmas piece yet brought out at the Haymarket, and its brevity is decidedly not a fault. The "Bell Dance," by the Belles of the Haymarket, is nightly encoored, as it deserves to be, for a prettier dance, or one better executed by the dancers, we do not remember to have seen. The performances conclude with "A Kiss in the Dark." Messrs. Clark, Walter Gordon, and Coo. Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, and Miss Coleman, impersonating the characters.

THE PRINCESS.—Mr. Vining's offering to Christmas playgoers is an extravaganza by H. Bellingham and W. Best, Esq., called "The Magic Horse and the Ice-Maiden Princess." "Le Cheval de Bronze" furnishes the plot, and Mr. E. T. Smith's late attraction the principal subject for harmless and good-tempered burlesque. Miss Minnie Davis plays Prince Pinc-ki, the fearless rider of the bronze horse from the bowels of the earth right into the upper world, whither adventures and scientific Coxwells and Glashers only penetrate. The loves are detailed of Pinc-ki and Stella (Miss Marston), whose fate it is to be the death of all her lovers, till one is found able to break the spell cast about her by King Cloud (Miss Emma Barnett). Miss Marston has principally to look handsome, be occasionally pathetic, and sing her troubles to herself or others. Miss Davis enters into her character with a gaiety and vivacious manner, enabling her to fully express the exuberant nature of modern extravaganza. The usual kind of songs and dances are assigned to the bold son of royalty, besides the perilous journey on the brazen steed. That resplendent animal is stable in the Pit of Acheron, and is made a show of as the "Anthropoglossos' Horse." Much practical satire on the clever make-believe, which, for a time, throw dust in the eyes of Londoners' optics, is here introduced. Ko-an (Miss Fanny Wynne), a symmetrical young lover of Peki (Miss Jenny Wilmore), officiates as showman, both for the colossal head and the metallic charger. The animal's start with Pinc-ki on his back, and pawing the air, as he rises to the flies without any apparent support, is a piece of stage management and perfect illusion we have not seen excelled. Pinc-ki bestrides her Pegasus like an Amazon, and in all appearance, suspended in mid air as she ascends. Passing jocos do not seem general in this burlesque, but instead of this evanescent principle being adopted, a topic or incident of the day is elaborated, and kept before the audience through a who's character. Pan-ting (Mr. Domastok Murray) is the representative of corpulence, and the exponent of its cure. The worthy gentleman who reduced his own obesity to a skeleton-like figure, and dieted himself into a comparatively attenuated state, is, of course, made use of in a humorous sense. Pan-ting is a married man, and a would-be bigamist, for his first wife, Tse-Gin (Mr. B. Oshiro), interferes with his love-making to Peki. Poor Pan-ting, while away from his native earth, gets fearfully thin, and is, moreover, treated with no kind of respect. There is one domestic representative of the lower-region interest, namely, Oolnarne (Mr. O. Seyton), Pinc-ki's once-respected sire. King Cloud has something of the Don Giovanni element in his composition; in fact, he is called "a very gay monarch." A King without a Chamberlain is not to be thought of. Pao-to-tum (Mr. Tapping) fills that important post in King Cloud's household, and "keeps his place" with an affability and tact not often to be encountered in royal establishments. Miss Fanny Wynne is a very graceful representative of Ko-an. Mr. Chapman played the raging father, Mekl, whose disobedient daughter, Peki, declines the ponderous Pan-ting for a husband, and disguising herself in manly habiliments, affects a cool, confident manner to correspond. Miss Helen Tracy and Miss Love appear for the small parts of Queen Cloud and Lo Manghi, Stella's waiting-maid. The authors must feel perfectly satisfied with the briskness of the acting throughout the piece; and the tasteful mounting of it, on the part of the management. The first tableaux, a Landscape in Tartary, by moonlight, is a picturesque instance of Mr. F. Lloyd's skill as a scenic artist, and the numerous ladies of the ballet, as Tartar soldiers in rich dresses, are observed quietly reposing in effective groups. This scene and its highly romantic adjuncts form a capital beginning, and the climax is secured by the brilliant Transformation Scene, or, more properly speaking, the final one, for as no comic business follows, there is nobody to transform. The Pandemonium of Ice melts slowly away, and discloses a splendid effect of glittering devices, human figures, and powerful light. A huge water-lily bud is the principal feature, and its leaves slowly opening, discover a group of fairies. Smaller expanding buds, containing a single figure, are placed at the wings, and just previous to the curtain descending, a shower of fire falls, and completes the effect of this richly-designed tableau.

LYCEUM.—After "Ray Blas," in which Mr. Fechter sustains the hero of Victor Hugo's interesting play, the little extravaganza that follows, though not a novelty, is admirably calculated to excite the merriment of a holiday audience. Under the title of "Bear-faced Impostors" will be recognised a version of a French piece of extravaganza called "L'Ours et le Pacha," which was originally taken from a capital tale related in an old work called, "Turkish Stories; or, the New Arabian Nights." The present version confines the action to one scene, the Gardens of the Seraglio belonging to the great Pacha Schahabram. Jack Hoots, an itinerant Showman (Mr. H. Widdicombe), attended by Bill Stumps (Mr. Moreland), fortunately arrives here at the very time the Pacha requires to be diverted from the melancholy mood into which he has fallen since the death of his favourite white bear. Jack persuades his companion to invest himself in the bear's skin, which is all that remains of the "Original Happy United Family" they have been compelled to devote from time to time. Out of this the fun of the

extravaganza is elaborated, till the White Bear added to the Pacha's collection and the Brown Bear respectively, changing heads, reveal the fact of the animals being represented by bipeds, and create a heartier laugh than the Pacha has been able to enjoy for a long period. Mr. H. Widdicombe revels in the part of the showman, and his rich humour finds abundant scope for expression. Mr. Moreland and Mr. Gordon keep up the fun of the laughable situation of the Brown and White Bears being mutually seized with terror at their propinquity; and the lost Jewina Stumps, now known as Ayeshah, the favourite of the harem, is prettily played by Miss Lavouet. The ballet of the establishment is effectively employed in a graceful dance, called "Des Odalisques," and with costumes of truly Oriental magnificence.

OLYMPIC.—After the effective performance of "The Hidden Hand," Mr. F. O. Burnand's extravaganza, "Cupid and Psyche; or, Beautiful as a Butterfly," has been produced. Mr. Burnand has contrived not to spoil exactly one of the most beautiful tales of antiquity, whilst surrounding it with ludicrous associations; and the adjuncts of fine scenery and graceful costumes come felicitously to his aid. Moreover, there are a number of charming representatives of Divinities, and a garden full of little Loves, ranging downwards from seven to, apparently, only four years of age. The cast is as follows:—Apollo, Miss Dacey; Bacchus, Miss Farrer; Cupid, Miss Paul Joseph; Mars, Miss Amy Sheridan; Venus, Miss G. Melvin; and Zephyr, Miss Ada Harland. We leave out Saturn for the moment, as he was represented by a gent, and hasten to state that the above-mentioned young ladies were most attractive impersonators of the respective characters, imparting both grace and beauty to the entire performance. As usual, several of the appliances, incidents, and topics of the present day are introduced, and with no slight success, amongst others the "Anthropoglossos," whereby the fate of Psyche to be chained to a rock is proclaimed. This leads to the "marvellous tying and untying trick," which is another good hit, the fair victim's sisters (Mr. J. O. Taylor and Mr. Andrews) performing the former operation, and Cupid and Zephyr (both, of course, "invisible") the latter one. The scene of the Gloomy Hook is admirably painted, and the succeeding one, Cupid's Botanical Gardens, is certainly worth seeing, were it only for the species of animalcules which, or who, people the delightful abode of the God of Love and for the charming play between Cupid and Psyche. The next scene shows us Cupid in nubibus, where, like a large parrot, he is held captive in a gilt cage, the only difficulty being to understand how it is suspended, except from one of the moon's waning horns, or possibly the tail of Ursa Major. He is released, however, from durance vile by some hundred spirits, including Bacchus, "ever fair and young," who has returned home rather late from a small party, naturally enough *pleno Baccho*, yet not incapable; and, although he does stagger a little, Miss Farrer takes care that the movement to and fro shall be as graceful as possible under all the circumstances. The next scene is a Grecian landscape, quiet and unpretending, but pretty enough, as are the majority of land views in the old classic land. Here Cupid and Psyche are made happy by Venus, and the scene changes to the abode of Hy-men, a perfect little paradise. The grotesque portion of the extravaganza was most amusingly sustained by Mr. D. Evans, King Katterpilldros; Mr. J. O. Taylor, Princess Grubbe; Mr. Andrews, Princess Chrysalis (the said King's daughter); Mr. H. Rivers, Saturn; and Messrs. Bologna, Franks, Pacey, and Cowdroy, not forgetting Miss Schavey, and Miss Keane, the husbands of the two Princesses. Several songs and dances were encoored, and altogether Mr. Burnand's new extravaganza is a decidedly successful one.

ST. JAMES'S.—The Christmas novelty brought out here by Miss Herbert is Mr. William Brough's burlesque of "Hercules and Omphale, or the Power of Love." In the opening scene, the Council Hall in the Palace, we find Eurystheus, King of Argos and Mycenae (Mr. Frank Matthews), addressing his court and legislature in a baroque speech from the throne, in which, after telling "my Lords and Gentlemen" that all royal speeches are alike, and that as they all know what he is going to say he need not say it, proceeded to express his delight at having got rid of his too vigorous kinsman, Hercules, by setting him to perform certain trifling tasks, which, light as he makes of them, will take some time to execute. Dejanira (Mrs. Frank Matthews), however, plainly declares her belief that the tyrant has sentenced Hercules to "twelve months' hard labour" from motives of fear and envy. This conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Mercury (Miss Webber, her first appearance here), who announces that Hercules having finished the twelve labours imposed by the King, is returning in triumph. Upon this the King orders all the doors to be bolted and barred, and then to take refuge in a brazen tower. The stage being thus cleared, a tremendous crash is heard, and an immense pair of bronze gates in the flat fly to pieces, and discover Hercules (Miss Charlotte Saunders), who declares his regret that in tapping at the door he knocked a little too hard. He laments his own excessive vigour, the effect of which is that everybody flies from him in terror, and he lives a life of solitude. Miss Saunders' "make-up" in this part is wonderful, giving an appearance of strength and bulk which could hardly have been expected in one of the gentler sex, and that without any sacrifice of her native grace and elegance. Here Hercules has an interview with Philoctetes (Miss A. Collinson), his armour bearer, and Iphitus (Mr. Bayley). The latter is unfortunate enough to give offence to Hercules, who kicks him, as he declares, "into the middle of next week." The flight of Iphitus, who, from the impetus of the kick, darts upwards and disappears at the floor, is a most ludicrous situation, and calls forth a startled and convulsive laugh from the audience. As a punishment for this act of violence, Hercules is condemned by the Supernal Powers to be sold into slavery, and Mercury is compelled to carry him off to Lydia and sell him to Omphale, Queen of Lydia, in love with Hercules, through whose kindness the Queen of Lydia languishes. This part was played with much grace and spirit by the fair directress, Miss Herbert. Much to the disgust of Jontomos, the classical footman of the period (Mr. H. J. Montague), Hercules is purchased by Omphale, who, however, instead of treating him as a menial, declares her passion for him, and insists on an immediate marriage. But during the preparations Eurystheus appears, attended by a large force of infantry and cavalry, to demand the extradition of his turbulent subject, charged with grave crimes and misdemeanours. Hercules is surprised in his sleep, bound, and carried into the presence of the King, who orders him to be shut up for further security in a large wooden cabinet. Mercury, who, in his capacity of Chorus, has always a word to say, here confidently informs the audience that "he is all right, he knows the rope trick," and in a few minutes Hercules bursts the doors of the cabinet, and appears unbound, in the most approved Davenport style. The King and army take to flight, but Hercules has more formidable antagonists to contend with. Dejanira makes her appearance simultaneously with Iole (Miss Hazlewood), who both lay claim to him as husband. He parries their advances, but on meeting them separately finds each in turn irresistible. He agrees to fly with Dejanira, who goes to pack her carpet-bag, but while she is thus engaged he is carried off by Iole, who anticipates her rival. Dejanira, exasperated, sends the linen of Nessus after him by the hand of Philoctetes. In the last scene, Hercules rushes on in a state of frenzy, and is expiring from the effects of the poison, when Mercury declares that the Gods have taken pity on him, and that he and Omphale will ascend to the heavens as a constellation. The piece concludes with a splendid scene, the Apotheosis of Hercules and Omphale. The scenery is, indeed, excellent throughout, and we may mention as particularly beautiful the Bower of Omphale, the scene in which Hercules is set to work at the sewing machine by Omphale. The dialogue sparkles with puns, and the burlesque is most successful.

NEW YEARS' DAY IN PARIS.—RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS BY THE EMPEROR.

At the reception of the diplomatic corps by the Emperor, on Sunday (an illustration of which will be found on page 472), the Papal Nuncio offered the good wishes and felicitations of that body for the coming year. The Emperor is stated to have said, in reply:—"The good wishes of the diplomatic corps touch me sensibly; they are the expression of that concord which ought to obtain between nations, and for which your prudence is to me the surest guarantee. Believe me that on my part I shall always endeavour in my relations with foreign nations to be guided by respect for right, and a love of peace and justice."

Afterwards the Emperor entered into conversation with most of the ambassadors.

The Emperor also gave an audience to M. Mon. In reply to the ambassador's Majesty said that no one could contribute better than M. Mon to the maintenance of the intimate relations existing between France and Spain, to which the Emperor attached the greatest importance.

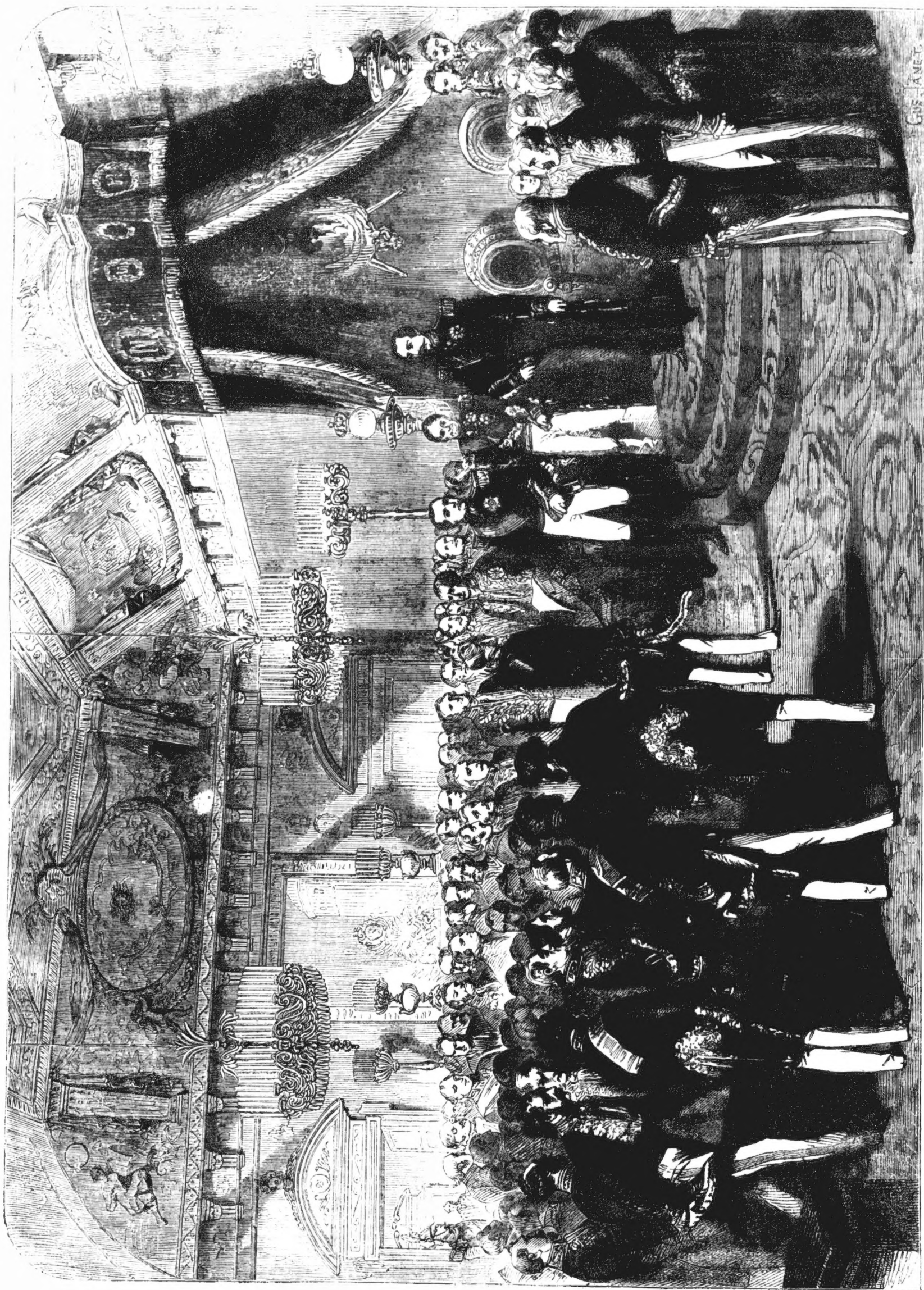
THE proprietor of the great piggery in Dorsetshire is now feeding his swine partially on rice, he having purchased 250 tons of damaged rice for the purpose of mixing with other kinds of pigs' food!

THE Right Hon. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who has been staying at Hastings, is in better health, and there is every prospect that he will be able to resume his place in the House of Commons at the meeting of parliament.

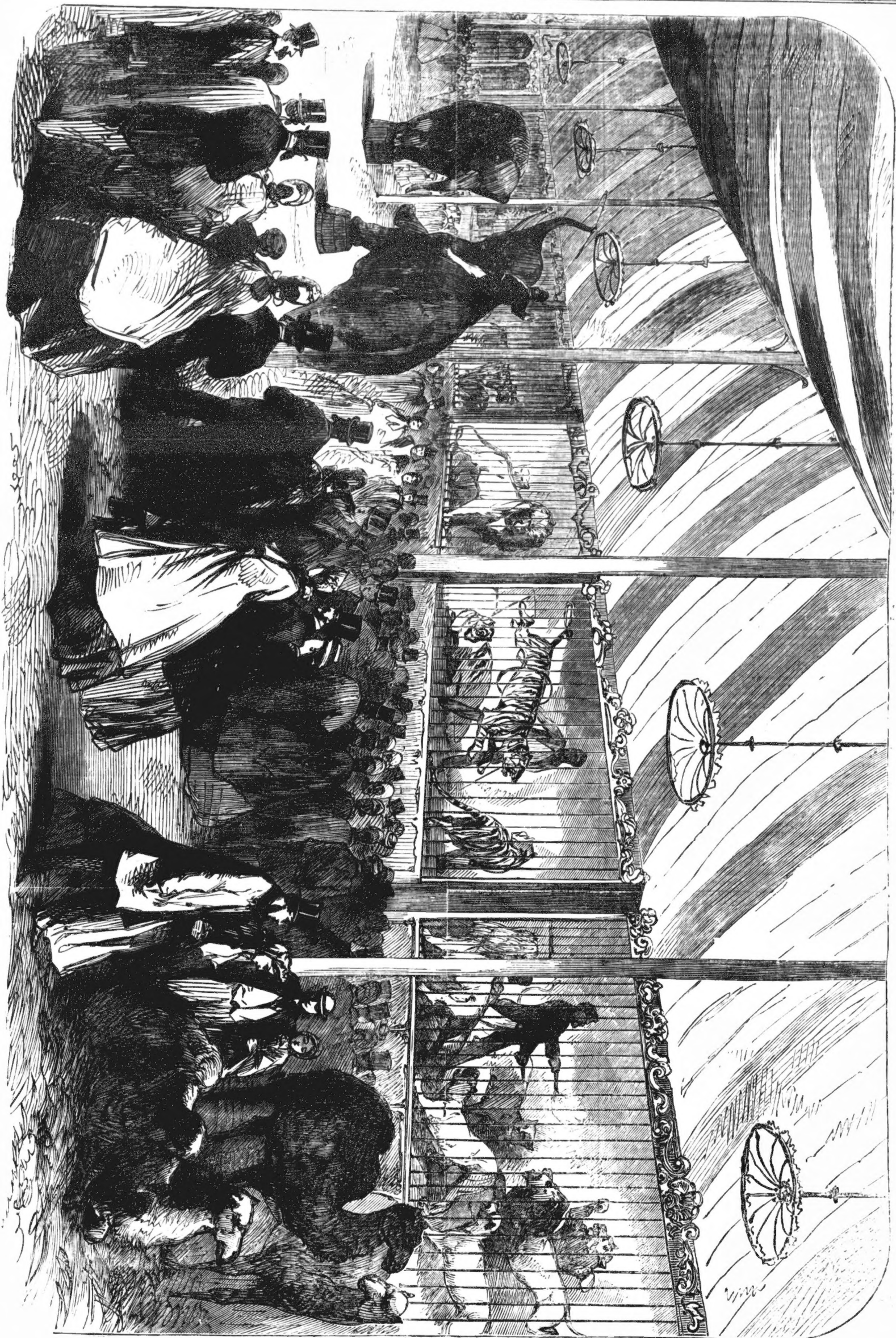
FRIGHTFUL SUICIDE ON THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—An inquest was held on Monday at the Nag's Head, Walthamstow, on the body of George Bevel, aged sixty, of Stoke Newington. Evidence was given to show that the deceased, whose body was identified, was addicted to habits of intemperance, and when intoxicated was in a state bordering on frenzy. It was said that he had been discharged from his situation for being drunk on the previous Wednesday. He had also received notice to leave his lodgings. Walter Wilcox, a boy of thirteen, deposed to having seen the deceased on the Friday morning on the line, near his father's cottage at the Castle Bridge, in the marshes. He saw him throw himself down in front of the train. James Money, an engine-driver, who drove the train from Cambridge on the Friday morning, said that when he arrived at a point about half-way between Tottenham and Lea-bridge Stations he saw a man coming up the bank from the marshes on to the railway. Observing that he was a stranger, he sounded his whistle. The train was then going at from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. The deceased stopped on the down line until the train was from fifty to sixty yards distant, when he took two or three short steps on the six-footway, and went down on his hands and knees, placing himself in front of the engine on the right-hand up rail. The driver shut off the steam, and told a plate-layer of the occurrence, stopping also at Lea-bridge Station, and gave information there. The deceased was afterwards found on the railway, his head being battered in, and the brains scattered about. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased did kill and murder himself, but that there was no evidence to show in what state of mind he was at the time.

A HAUNTED MONARCH.—When the Emperor of Russia was at Kissingen last summer he was naturally the observed of all observers, and a believer in Divine right might have been encouraged in the doctrine by the respect the Emperor inspired in all who beheld him. In person a magnificent man, in countenance intelligent and benign, in manners kindly, in loving domesticity a pattern, Alexander II. compelled on his own account admiration which could not have been paid to his mere rank and power by the most devoted of his subjects. But it was no secret that he was haunted by vexations and fears. There were at Kissingen distinguished Poles, whose nationality was patent in their noble appearance—for, like all Northern races not under the wearing influence of labour, the Poles are finely formed, and bear themselves grandly. These Poles passed and repassed their sovereign without recognition. No hat was raised, no bow made. Grimly they set their countenances when the Emperor came in sight, and grimly they kept them till he had disappeared. To a man of kindly sympathies and humane intentions such incidents as these must have been more mortifying than was the stolidity of Mordorai to the vain and haughty Haman. A flash and then a shade were often seen to pass in succession over the Emperor's face. That face, however, was uniformly clouded by graver thoughts and by the worst of terrors. We look back at Oronwell suspiciously moving about Whitehall with a cuirass beneath his customary attire, and think him a picture of dark historic horror; but we hear of the Emperor of Russia being at Kissingen, and find his movements chronicled amongst the fashionable news, without thinking, what is nevertheless true, that this comparatively young and very handsome man has the same fel suspicion in his mind that made old King Oliver shudder. Alexander II. signified, at length, that he preferred not to be followed in public, and a notice was put up in the gardens to that effect. Thenceforward his Majesty had no one near him in his walks but a guardian soldier and a magnificent dog. There was, however, one person who intruded upon his jealously-preserved public privacy. A little boy belonging to a Liverpool family approached the Czar, in innocent or perhaps wilful violation of the orders. His playfulness and innocent audacity made him quite a pet, and won for him more imperial notice than was bestowed upon any one else in Kissingen, at least during the Emperor's appearances out of doors. When this Liverpool lad grows up he may boast, with truth, that years ago he was a favourite of the Emperor of Russia. But he may also regard himself as an affecting type of the personal felicity of despots. The terrors of the Emperor at Kissingen were no exception, probably, to his ordinary life; the little stranger was. Go where he will, an Emperor of Russia, with the recollection of what has happened to other Czars, and with a knowledge of what is being perpetrated in his name, must live ever with the shadow of assassination over his thoughts; while the gratifications that occasionally make him forget the morbid terror are, like the little Liverpool boy, foreign visitors, wayward in mood and brief in their stay.—*Liverpool Post.*

EXTINGUISHING THE GAS AND DISORDERLY CONDUCT IN A THEATRE.—Edwin Henry Crumpe, a clerk, living in Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, at the Marlborough-street Police-court, with disorderly conduct at the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham-court-road, and also with extinguishing the gas in the box passage. William Francis, box-keeper at the Queen's Theatre, said the defendant and some companions, young men, were at the theatre on Monday night, and behaved in a very disorderly manner, clapping their hands, and applauding when all the other persons in the theatre were perfectly quiet. At the same time one of the gas-lights was put out by some person. After the defendant and his companions had been expostulated with, they were quiet, but as the audience were leaving the theatre, he saw the defendant first look for the gas tap with the view of turning off the gas, but failing in finding it, he blew the light out. The defendant said he blew the light, but did not think it would go out. Mr. Tyrwhitt said if the defendant wanted to play his monkey tricks, he should go to a penny theatre. Extinguishing the lights in a theatre was a most mischievous thing, and added robberies. The defendant said he was sorry for what he had done, but he had no improper object. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he should require the defendant to find one ball for his good behaviour for three months. The required ball was put in, and the prisoner liberated.



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.—RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS BY THE EMPEROR. (See page 471.)



INTERIOR OF MANDERS' ROYAL MENAGERIE, ISLINGTON-GREEN (See page 474)

MANDERS' MAMMOTH MENAGERIE.

Our readers will doubtless remember that we recently published an illustration of the Great Mandernethen, which forms the magnificent frontage of the above immense zoological establishment, now being exhibited daily in Church-street, Islington. The arrival of this unparalleled menagerie in London has created much interest, and its spacious enclosure is constantly crowded during the hours it is open to the public. We now have the pleasure of presenting a large view of the interior of this splendid travelling exhibition, taken by our own artist, and we strongly recommend our readers to pay the menagerie a personal visit, feeling assured that the treat there in store for them will well repay the trouble in making a "pilgrimage" to "Merrill Islington."

It would be easy to extend remarks to a considerable length by dilating on the uses and advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with natural history; nor would it be difficult to show how much that is bright and beautiful in nature is for ever lost to him who has never become conversant with the study. But our inclination is to avoid what some ill-natured critics might term "tawdrie," and our limits forbid us to descend on a theme which others (who are far better qualified than we can ever possibly become) have treated with all the ardent enthusiasm that is inherent in the breast of every true votary of nature. The subject, indeed, presents a wide field for the employment of the mental faculties; and we confess it is difficult to repress some of the thoughts that arise from its contemplation. No part can be viewed as unimportant or uninteresting—none that is unworthy of the most attentive consideration, or that can fail to impress the minds with feelings of profound admiration for the works of nature. Marvellous, indeed, as they are, the most astounding manifestations of Supreme Intelligence are unquestionably displayed in His character as "Lord and Giver of Life," as the Creator and Preserver of all that "live, move, and have their being." It is, therefore, that portion of the "wondrous whole" which we term the animal kingdom that demands our especial regard, and is in the highest degree calculated to gratify a laudable curiosity, as well as to reward the labours of the most diligent research.

The entrance to Manders' Mammoth Menagerie will be found through the left-hand corridor of the Great Mandernethen, and, when inside the immense enclosure, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the vast living display of nature's wonders which is presented to his view. We propose to briefly describe a few of the most prominent features. The first den on the right-hand side on entering contains an enormous black-maned Caffrarian Lion—"Wallace"—we believe the largest specimen of his species ever imported into this country. This giant of the jungle is accompanied by his royal consort, a beautiful lioness, together with six cubs, which were whelped at Perth, in Scotland, and which are respectively designated after several Scottish historical celebrities. Next in succession follow a pair of full-grown Bengal tigers, which have been in the menagerie for the past two years. These animals were landed in Liverpool, on November 8th, 1862, per Star of the Ocean, Captain Cassidy, and were caught in traps, having destroyed fourteen head of cattle the night previous to their capture, as may be seen from a copy of the *Bengal Hurkura*, in Mr. Manders' possession, and which, doubtless, he will be glad to show to those visitors curious in such matters. In the next den will be found Macommo's (of whom a few words hereafter) performing group of seven forest-bred black-maned lions. This forms one of the most magnificent sights that can well be imagined. The noble beasts have been tutored to run, jump, walk, trot, amble, and gallop; to leap through fire-balloons; to bound over five-bar gates, &c.; to sit up, lie down, and place themselves in various positions, at the behest of their native African tamer. They are also the principal performers in an exciting spectacle, entitled "The Lion Hunt." Immediately adjoining is a large den containing three full-grown performing Bengal tigers. The feats performed by these beautiful, yet bloodthirsty, animals are certainly bordering on the marvellous. Graceful to a degree in all their movements, agile and quick as domestic "mousers," powerful and treacherous, yet obedient and tractable, there has nothing yet been seen in the metropolis at all approaching these surprising "tiger scenes." Then come a series of dens containing jaguars, panthers, leopards, hyenas, sloths, wolves, pumas, tiger-cats, jackals, leopard foxes, civet cats, &c. Then follows the immense "Brobdingnagian Castle," containing two splendid Ceylonese elephants, a male and female, the former of which is over five tons in weight. Both of these sagacious and unwieldy animals perform a number of astonishing feats under the direction of the lion tamer, Macommo.

On one side of the elephant's stable is a den containing fine specimens of the horned horse of India; and on the opposite side will be found graceful llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas. This is a most interesting group of ruminant quadrupeds. The visitor then arrives at a spacious den, in which a pair (male and female) of that mysterious untamable animal, the zebra, are confined. If it were possible to "break" these lovely creatures to the use of harness, their appearance in Rotten-row would create a "sensation," and much competition doubtless created for their possession. In the dens immediately following are located the colossal elands, Brahmin bulls, Barasingha deer, gazelles, antelopes, kangaroos, &c. Then comes the "Bosoms of Monkeydom," a very large den, containing over seventy distinct species of this funny type of humanity. Our juvenile friends will here find a treat in store for them, and even the "elders" will not help pausing to witness the grimaces and antics of upwards of three hundred "born comies." Immediately in succession will be found an immense aviary, embracing ostriches, pelicans, condors, vultures, macaws, cockatoos, parrots, paroquets, love birds, &c., in endless variety. Adjoining the aviary, and in a closed compartment, only opened at stated intervals, are a pair of orang-outangs, or gorillas—the exhibition and trained performances of which will be witnessed with much satisfaction.

The visitor having now proceeded round the enclosure, he must next direct his attention to the centre. He will here find noble specimens of the Bactrian, or two-humped camel, the sacred white camel of the desert, and calf, and the dromedary. There will also be found an extensive and varied assortment of serpents, alligators, armadillos, lizards, scorpions, &c., &c. We are only doing a simple act of justice to Mr. Manders when we assert that every portion of his menagerie is characterised by the utmost cleanliness, and there is an entire absence of that unpleasant effluvia too often found in exhibitions of a similar character. Every attention is evidently paid to the warming and thorough ventilation of the enclosure.

Some misapprehension existing that this menagerie is connected with one formerly possessed by a well-known wild beast collector (and which, since his death, has been divided into three distinct sections), we take this opportunity of placing the matter in a right light before the public. The nucleus of Manders' Mammoth Menagerie was laid by the late Mr. Hylton, of Liverpool, who struggled against overwhelming competition for many years, and in a successful manner. On the decease of that gentleman, he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. Manders, the present proprietor, who has brought the menagerie to its now wonderful position by the exercise of unbounded energy and judgment. Mr. Manders has been, in every sense of the word, the architect of his own fortune, and is truly a "self-made man." Gradually enlarging his sphere of action year after year, and all the time being a favoured "pet" of the provincial public, he has arrived at length in London with what has been the ambition of his lifetime—the largest and most complete travelling menagerie in the world. Mr. Manders' success in life is only another instance of what can be accomplished by assiduity and perseverance, backed up by strict commercial integrity and affability of disposition.

A wonderful man is Macommo, the lion tamer at this menagerie. He is a splendid athletic African, about thirty years of age, and

speaks English fluently. He is a native of Angola, and was engaged in the pursuit of trapping wild animals in his own country for many years previously to his appearance before a British public. His daring feats with the savage beasts are really marvellous, and would prove impossible to any man who was not fully alive to the tempest, dispositions, habits, and qualifications of the animals he performed with. Macommo, however, has had many "hair-breadth escapes," although he is distinguished by great carefulness. His terrific encounter with a tiger at Liverpool, four years ago, must be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. In inviting our friends to go and witness Macommo's performances with the lions, tigers, and elephants, we feel convinced that they will admit, after seeing him, that he is the "greatest sensation" in these "days of sensation."

We would strongly advise all visitors to the menagerie to purchase the "Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue." It has been written and compiled by Mr. E. Stevenson, and forms a handy and indispensable guide to the public; while its insignificant price (one penny) places it within the reach of all classes. This one single feature in Mr. Manders' establishment stamps that gentleman as a man of progress, and it is also one that other similar exhibitions might advantageously take example by. Mr. Manders has provided a well-written and exceedingly neatly got-up catalogue at a mere nominal charge for his patrons, and has abolished the odious "go-round-with-my-hat" system, for which he deserves the thanks of the community. The "Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue," in addition to its use while in the menagerie, may be placed with advantage in the hands of children round the family hearthstone, as it will afford them both amusement and instruction.

We cannot conclude this notice without complimenting Mr. Manders on the excellent orchestra he has placed in the music gallery of the Great Mandernethen. We have seldom heard better renderings of the works of both ancient and modern masters than we heard on the occasion of our visit. The band is ably conducted by Professor A. D. Millar, late *chef d'orchestra* in the private band of the King of the Belgians, and several well-known artists are amongst the leading instrumentalists. We have never heard a more grotesque and lively composition than the "Chimpanzee Galop" (from the pen of the leader), now performing daily.

To give an idea of the extent of Manders' Mammoth Menagerie, we have to state that there are fifteen huge caravans, which, when travelling, are drawn by fifty-nine horses; these caravans contain many hundreds of basins, birds, and reptiles; and there is a permanent staff of keepers, attendants, ostlers, and other employees, numbering over ninety individuals—this number being altogether independent of the gentlemen of the orchestra, who are also permanently engaged by Mr. Manders, and travel with the menagerie. The current expenses, when travelling, are more than five hundred pounds per week, and yet, the attractions being so great, and the general *tout ensemble* so unrivalled, success has hitherto flowed in upon the worthy and esteemed proprietor of Manders' Great National Mammoth Menagerie. We trust he may be similarly favoured during his sojourn in the metropolis.

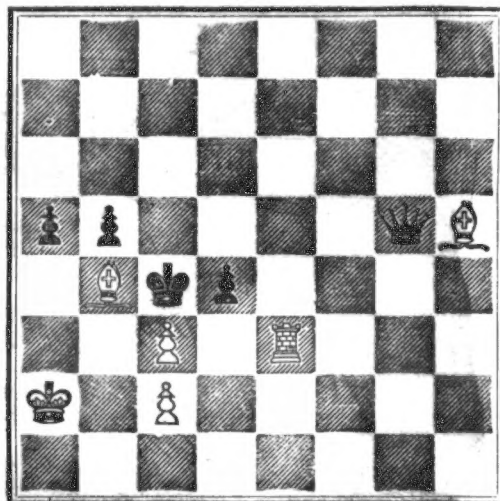
LIFEBEAT SERVICES IN 1864.—It is gratifying to learn that during the year which has just closed the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution saved 432 lives from various shipwrecks in addition to contributing to the saving of 37 vessels. It also appears that, in addition to the above number, 266 lives have been saved during the same period by shore boats and other means, from different wrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom, for which services the institution had granted rewards; thus making a total of 698 lives saved from various wrecks in one year alone, mainly through the instrumentality and encouragement of the National Lifeboat Institution. For these joint services the society has granted £1,500 in rewards, and 22 honorary acknowledgments, including silver medals and votes on vellum. The lifeboats of the institution during the past twelve months have also put off in reply to signals of distress 48 times, but their services were subsequently not required, the ships having succeeded in getting off from their dangerous positions, or had their crews saved by their own boats or other means. It often happened on these occasions that the lifeboat crews had incurred much risk and great exposure throughout stormy days and nights. The number of lives saved either by the lifeboats of the institution, or by special exertions, for which it has granted rewards since its formation, is 11,260, for which services 82 gold medals, 712 silver medals, and £19,350 in cash have been paid in rewards. When we remember that nearly every life saved by lifeboats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, it will at once be seen what great and national benefit has been conferred by the Lifeboat Institution, not only on the poor men themselves, but also on their wives and children, who would otherwise be widows and orphans. How inadequately, then, can words express the aggregate amount of misery which the saving of so many thousands of lives must have prevented; it can only have been fully appreciated by the parties themselves, and by their relatives and friends, whose expressions of gratitude for such important benefits are often of the most feeling character. During the year now closing the institution has also expended about £14,770 on its various lifeboat establishments on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and since its first establishment the institution has also expended £120,000 on its lifeboat stations.

CONDEMNATION OF A THIEF TRAP.—William Rieckford was charged at the Marylebone Police-court with stealing three coloured shirts, under the following circumstances:—Edward Quarry said: I am assistant to Mr. Lewis Sell, draper, of 7, Edgware-road. Mr. Yardley: Do you hang things outside your shop? Witness: We do, sir. Mr. Yardley: Go on with your evidence. Witness: About eight o'clock last evening I had just got into the shop when I heard the bell ring. Mr. Yardley: What tell? Witness: We have all the goods outside connected by a string to a bell, and as soon as they are touched the bell rings. On going outside, I saw the prisoner with the three shirts, valued at 1s. 6d., in his possession. Mr. Yardley: You had, in fact, a thief-trap, ready baited? Witness: Yes, sir. Mr. Yardley: You have this thief-trap ready baited to lead persons into temptation. Why do you hang your things out? I wish the law would allow me to punish you. I would apply it with great felicity. George Adams, 332 A, deposed to taking the prisoner into custody. Prisoner expressed his sorrow. Mr. Yardley sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

DARING ESCAPE FROM A GAOL.—A prisoner, named Robert Vaubear, effected a daring escape from Margate Lock-up on Monday morning, where he had been confined upon three serious charges of burglary. At about one o'clock he managed by some means to cut in two an iron bar which guarded the window of his cell, and thus made an opening six and a quarter inches in width. Having divested himself of all his clothes, except his shirt, he crawled through the broken bars and dropped down into the lobby of the station, and hid himself behind the door of an empty cell. When the outer door of the lock-up was opened by an officer, the prisoner slipped out unobserved, though in so doing he slammed the door after him, which caused the warder to examine the place. The officer could not see anything to excite his suspicions; and in order, as he thought, to make sure, he led into the prisoner's cell to see that he was there, and, as he fancied, saw him lying on the bed. This deception arose from the fact that Vaubear had artfully placed his boots in such a position at the foot of the bed as to make it appear that he was lying down without having taken them off. When the warder was relieved at six o'clock it was discovered that the prisoner had escaped. During the day the watch committee offered a reward of £20 for his apprehension.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 231.—By R. B. W.
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between R. B. W. and another amateur.

White.	Black.
Mr. W.	M. A.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. P to Q 3
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to K 2
4. P to Q 4	4. P takes P
5. Kt takes P	5. K Kt to B 3
6. Q Kt to B 3	6. B to Q 2
7. Q to K 2	7. P to Q R 3
8. Castles	8. Q Kt to B 3
9. Kt takes Kt	9. B takes Kt
10. B to Q 3	10. Q to Q 2
11. P to K R 3	11. Castles (Q R)
12. B to Q 2	12. P to K R 3
13. P to Q R 4	13. P to K Kt 4
14. P to Q Kt 4	14. Q to K 3 (a)
15. P to Q Kt 5	15. P takes P
16. P takes P	16. B to K square
17. B to Q B 4	17. P to Q 4
18. Kt takes Q P	18. Kt takes Kt
19. R to Q R 8 (ch)	19. K to Q 2
20. B takes Kt	20. Q to K 4 (b)
21. Q to K Kt 4 (ch) (c)	21. P to K B 4
22. Q takes P (ch)	22. Q takes Q
23. R takes R (ch)	23. K takes Kt
24. P takes Q	24. B takes Q Kt P
25. P to Q B 4	25. B to Q R 3
26. B to Q B 3	26. B to K B square
27. B to K 6	27. B to K R 3
28. B to Q Kt 4	28. P to K R square
29. R chooks	29. K to K square
30. R to Q 7	30. P to Q B 3
31. R to K B 7	31. B to Q 5 (d)
32. R to K 7 (ch)	32. Resigns

(a) Has he any better move?
(b) The only play to avoid check at K Kt 4.
(c) We should have preferred P to K B 4, as more attacking.
(d) Had Black played B to Kt 7, White would have played R to Q B 7, &c.

G. B. FOSTER.—1. The Lopez Gambit is the best opening for a player giving the odds of the Q Kt. 2. The "Scientific Strategems" were taken from Mr. Lewis's valuable little work, "One Hundred Ends of Games." 3. A player giving the odds of the "marked Pawn" may not touch the marked Pawn.

W. F. (Haworth).—Problems duly received, and under examination. In Problem No. 2, we do not understand the use of the Black Bishop, as it is in no way delays the mate.

H. FLOYD (Keighley).—The only serial entirely devoted to Chess is the "Chess-Player's Magazine," now under the able editorship of Herr Lowenthal. The subscription is only a shilling monthly.

G. CARR.—The games sent do not come up to the mark for publication. We are, however, obliged by your good wishes.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.
MONDAY.

After a due interchange of civilities, as members entered the subscription-room, the main object of their visit was the next point to consider, and the Derby was, as a matter of course, brought on the tapis. It was soon discovered that Breadalbane was in the ascendant, and one of the first bets laid was nine fifties about the Malton crack. The transaction was, however, a hurried one, for up to the close of business the same prices were obtainable. 15 to 1 to 50 to 1 was taken about Chattanooga and 1,000 to 40 each taken and offered about Brother to Mialle and Christmas Carol. The Spring Cottage "second string," Broomfield, was also in good demand, one nice little investment of 80 "ponies" having put a stopper on these odds. The Back and Ariel remained at their former quotations. The two outsiders, Friday and Congress, were entrusted with quite a lump of money, 10,000 to 150 having been booked about each. Closing prices:—

THE DERBY.—5 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (off); 9 to 1 agst Mr. W. L'Anson's Breadalbane (t and off); 15 to agst M. Naylor's Chattanooga (t); 25 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Brother to Mialle (t and off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. T. Wadlow's Christmas Carol (t and off); 25 to 1 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's Bedminster (off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor (off); 30 to 1 agst Mr. W. L'Anson's Broomfield (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Kelso's Buck (t and off); 40 to 1 agst Lord Durham's Ariel (t and off); 45 to 1 agst Mr. Williamson's Longdown (t); 10,000 to 150 agst Mr. T. Parr's Friday (t); 10,000 to 150 agst Mr. Naylor's Congress (t).

A "CANNY" ARCHDEACON.—Some days since the vicarage of St. Lawrence, Appleby, became vacant by the death of the Rev. Joseph Milner, M.A., and it fell to the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle. The dean and canons present in turn to the living in their gift, and the living of Appleby came to the turn of the Venerable Archdeacon Phelps. The archdeacon has nominated himself to the living, and thus becomes vicar of Appleby.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

HOW STREET.

CALLING UPON A FRIEND.—John Goffey, of the name, who described himself as a commercial traveller to a firm in the City, but refused to give the name of that firm, was brought up on remand, charged with having in his possession, without lawful excuse, fourteen keys, of which six were "picklocks" or "picklock keys." It appeared that on the morning of the 22nd inst., about two o'clock, police-constable Groves, 81 F, was on duty in the Strand and found the prisoner in Thame-place, trying the shutters in the window of a house there. Upon perceiving the approach of the constable he went to the door and pretended to ring a bell, but Groves happened to know the house, and to be aware that there was no bell there. He asked the prisoner what he wanted. The prisoner said he was "calling upon a friend." Groves asked if he knew where his friend slept. He said he did not know. Groves then asked him what was his friend's name. He replied, "You want to know too much; I am not bound to tell you, and I shall not." To other questions he gave similar evasive replies. He attempted to go away, but Groves stopped him, saying, "You had better ring your friend up, as you came for that purpose," but the prisoner replied, "No, as you have been so clever, I will not do so." Groves then took him to custody on suspicion of being there for an unlawful purpose. On the way to the station-house he asked Groves to let him go, as it would injure him with his friends and employers if it was known that he had been in custody. At the station-house he was searched, and a bunch of fourteen keys, of which six were skeleton keys, was found upon him. He gave a respectable address, which on inquiry was found to be false. In the interval of remand it had been ascertained that the prisoner was known to a light to several constables, who had suspected him, but had not had him in charge. There was no evidence of his having been in custody. There was some suspicion that he was a tool of some man, but it was not supported by evidence. He was committed for trial.

SAVING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.—A cabman named George Humphreys, was charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of his horse and cab, and also with assaulting and stabbing Police-constable Pratt, 311 A. Pratt deposed: At about four o'clock on the morning of yesterday (Sunday), being New Year's Day, I was on duty in the Strand, near Charing-cross. In a narrow alley, called Brewer's lane, adjoining the Charing Cross Railway Station, I found the prisoner, lying in a state of insensibility on a heap of manure, which had been left by some workmen engaged upon the buildings in connection with the station. I roused him and asked him what he was doing there. He said he did not know, but he had lost his horse and cab. At this moment Sergeant Lambert of the F division, came up and asked me what was the matter. I said, "Here is a cabman very drunk, and he says he has lost his horse and cab." Sergeant Lambert said, "Get him while I go to look for the cab." In a few minutes he returned with the horse and cab, which he had found under one of the railway arches. The prisoner then begged us not to take him into custody, and offered to give us money if we would let him go. We told him we must remove him to the station-house. He began to struggle, and the sergeant said he had better go quietly. He went quietly as far as the Strand. I had him in custody, and the sergeant was leaving the horse. On arriving in the Strand, the prisoner said to me, "Do you mean taking me to the station?" I replied, "Yes, I must do so." He then said with an oath that I should not take him. He then attempted to get away, and in the struggle kicked me on the shin, and struck me on the side of the head near the ear. At that time, though I felt the blow, I did not know that I was stabbed, or that he had any weapon in his hand. The sergeant came to my assistance, and so did another constable, and ultimately we got the prisoner to the station-house. The sergeant then pointed out to me that my face and coat were covered with blood, and I found that I was stabbed just in front of the ear. I had bled profusely, and was afterwards very faint in consequence. I have been to the hospital, and have had the wound dressed. The sergeant says it is not a very deep wound, and at present not dangerous, unless from the loss of blood. If erysipelas should set in it will be more dangerous. The prisoner was very drunk, quite wild and furious. He afterwards told me that on New Year's eve a gentleman gave him a quart of whiskey (it was foolish enough to drink it), and that he had drunk it, and that about the time mentioned by the sergeant he found the last with the woman in Brewer's lane. The prisoner appeared very drunk. Pratt told him the prisoner had lost his cab and he went in search of it. He found the horse and cab in an archway under a portion of the railway works. He led the horse into the Strand, where a struggle took place between the prisoner and the constable. Witness saw the gleam of a knife in the prisoner's hand, and saw him with the wrist took the weapon from him. It was a large bladed clasp knife. He called another constable to assist, and the prisoner was ultimately removed to the station. On the way he noticed blood on the prisoner's face, and at first thought the prisoner was bleeding, but it turned out not to be the case. At the station he perceived that the constable's face and uniform were covered with blood. He asked Pratt how this occurred, and then for the first time perceived that Pratt was wounded. Baker, 132 F, corroborated. Pratt pointed out that the figure "11" in the number "311," and also the letter "A" upon the collar of his coat were cut. Mr. Vaughan remanded the prisoner, intimating his intention to commit him for trial.

WESTMINSTER.

A GIRL'S COURAGE.—Frederick Lington and John Nicholls, barefaced vagrants, each about 20 years of age, were charged with entering the dwelling-house of Mr. James Bird, 26, Denbigh-street, Piccadilly, and stealing a desk containing a gold watch and some articles of jewellery, value £30. In the afternoon of the 1st ult., during the temporary absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Sarah Target, one of their servants, a rather diminutive girl, only sixteen years of age, left the street door ajar while she went a few doors off to make a trifling purchase. On her return she saw the prisoner Lington leaving the door of her master's house, with the desk under his arm. The other prisoner being only two or three yards away from him. She hurried towards them, and both fellows took to their heels, but the pursuer then crossed the Vauxhall-bridge-road and Vincent-square into Carey-street, where she overtook and asked Lington by the collar. He struck her a violent blow in the face, which made her nose bleed, but she retained her grasp of him until some other persons approached, and he relinquished his hold of the desk and with his companion made off. She returned home, and was met, bleeding, with the desk under her arm, to the surprise of her master and mistress, who were at a loss to account for so extraordinary a sight. The prisoners were not captured until Wednesday night week. The prisoners said they knew nothing whatever about the robbery, but on finding they were about to be sent before a jury, Lington inquired of the magistrate if he would be good enough to dispose of the case himself. Mr. Seale said he could not, and committed the case to the jury for trial.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Mrs. Handley, wife of Mr. Handford Handley, formerly a celebrated cornet player, and bandmaster in three of her Majesty's regiments, with a pension of £100, was charged with having been a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and for twenty-five years paid his subscription, commencing to do so two years after their marriage. She had to complain of the unjust and cruel treatment herself and family had received for the last eighteen months in consequence of one of the members having made a charge against her of bigamy, which charge was wholly false. Previous to the charge being made, her husband, who had become incapacitated from following his profession, in 1852 received a married man's allowance of seven guineas per month; but after the accusation against her he was treated as a beggar, the society only awarding him four shillings a month. She was consequently reduced, and in great difficulty, the brothers having taken all her goods and left her family without a bed and other necessaries, and her family suffering from want of proper nourishment, some of them having been ill for the last six months. Her children were the greatest sufferers; her two boys deprived of their education, and two daughters prevented from

following their musical studies, which would by this time have enabled them to get their living in the profession, the health of one of them being greatly impaired. The injury done to her (applicant's) health and reputation after being the wife of Mr. Handley for the last twenty-seven years was irreparable, and her peace of mind was quite destroyed. She had employed first-class counsel, whose opinion was entirely in her favour, and according to counsel's advice she had obtained the necessary evidence from relatives as far as was in her power of the death of her first husband, who died abroad in 1835, in the form of three sworn documents accompanied with a memorial from her present husband, which she had done all the law required, and sent in repeated applications to the society, stating the destitute state of herself and children, but could get no redress or satisfaction, and had no means to enter an action for defamation against the person who had made the charge against her, for which there was not the slightest foundation, but which had unfortunately been acted upon by the society. Mr. Knox said the applicant seemed to have been harshly treated, but he had no power to assist her. If she had any remedy at all, it would be at equity. Mr. Handley said that she was informed that proceedings at equity would cost £200. After some further conversation, she thanked the magistrate and retired.

MARLBOROUGH.

CONVICTION OF AN ORGANS GRINDER.—Antonio Taglient, of Ligonport-street, Chancery-lane, was charged with playing an organ in Manchester-street, Manchester-square, to the annoyance of the public, and refusing to do away when requested on account of illness. George Collins deposed that he was in the service of Mr. Babbage, of No. 1, Manchester-street, Manchester-square. The evening previous, about six o'clock, there was loud playing of an organ near to his master's house, who was ill, and had not been able to leave his room for several days. At his master's request he went and told the prisoner to desist and go away, as his master was ill. He did not go at once, but upon being requested he went to the other side of the street, and again commenced playing. Witness again asked him to go, at the same time telling him (prisoner) that Mr. Babbage was ill. He continued playing, and some of the people round gave the police some money, whilst others were dancing. As he would not desist, witness fetched a policeman and gave him two shillings. Prisoner (through his interpreter) said he understood the prosecutor wanted him to go away, but thinking that he was only a drunken pouter by he took no notice. He declined to go till he (prosecutor) pulled him at the neck and let the organ fall on the ground. Mr. Mansfield said he did not believe this, and sentenced the prisoner to pay a penalty of 40s, or in default to be imprisoned for one month.

WORTH STREET.

A BAD DAUGHTER.—Rebecca Evans, apparently aged 19 or 20, but stated to be not quite 18, was charged with theft. The prisoner's mother, a very decent-looking woman, stated that she is a widow, living in Prince's-street, Hackney. Eight years ago she was left with four children, two of whom were younger than the prisoner, who was her only girl. She had had to support her family by mending and laundry work, but as she had broken her knee some years ago she could earn little at this work. She had not a penny in the house, and had no means of support. She found, however, that she could do nothing what-
ever with her. She had been in the constant habit of robbing her, and staying out all night, making a way with her clothes and returning home in a dirty and disreputable state. Fresh clothing had been given her, and witness had forgiven her repeatedly, but she always absconded from home again. Five weeks ago the prisoner told her that she was not going to trouble herself about work any longer, as she could do much better for herself than that, and next morning witness found that she had gone off, and stolen one of her gowns and another article of clothing from behind the door. She looked for her in all directions, but saw nothing of her till a fortnight ago, when she returned with scarcely a rag of clothing upon her. When she had been all that time she could not say, but witness had learned that she had been living with the son of a doctor at Hoxton. The witness clothed her afresh on promise of amendment, though she acknowledged she had stolen and pledged her dress for 3s., and torn up the duplicate for it. She remained pretty quiet for a day or two, and then she went out in the morning, as she said, to get a declaration in lieu of the duplicate she had destroyed, but was absent all day, and brought home late at night half-drunken. The next morning she would have gone out of the house to ask if witness had not seen something over her shoulders. She had given her in charge for stealing the dress. Mr. Vane, the solicitor, said his wife (Mrs. Vane) had known the prisoner's mother for many years as a very worthy and respectable woman, though poor, and he backed in a letter from a clergyman at Hackney. He also knew the mother, and spoke of her in similar terms, and requested earnestly that the prisoner might, if possible, be placed in a reformatory or some such institution. The prisoner, who smiled as she entered the dock, and heard her mother's statement with indifference, said she stole the dress because she needed it. She intended to redeem it, but she must meet some acquaintance who gave her a sum of money, and she was overcome. Mr. Cooke said, that from the best consideration he could give the case, he thought that both for the protection of the mother, and for the prisoner herself, as the means of her future instruction and reformation, there was but one course for the court to pursue with her, and that was to sentence her to a fortnight's imprisonment in the House of Correction for stealing the dress. At the expiration of that time to order her to be taken to the Chancery-row, Hampstead, Reformatory for Girls, there to be kept for five years.

LAMBETH.

FEROUS INJURIES BY A FEROCIOUS BULL DOG.—A young woman applied to Mr. Elliott for his advice and assistance. She stated that for some time she had been in the habit of charging for Miss Mary Baker, a useless lady of over seventy years of age, residing at 10, Oval-road, Kennington, who about two years ago had been left a large fortune and who was in the habit of spending the greater part of her money in contributing to the Dog Protection Society and feeding and keeping dogs at her own house. The applicant said that Miss Baker had been in the habit of spending ten shillings a day in the purchase of beef and mutton of the best description to feed her dogs with, and that in addition she gave them French rolls, and some other butter, and the poorest milk she could get amongst the animals herself. About the middle of last week, and on the 26th inst., she was out with her dog, and was accompanied by a small and a large dog, and was on her way to the Oval-road, when she was met by a large and ferocious bull dog, which she called "her little Bobby." Her "little angel" who kept chained to the foot of the bed, and she slept, as the applicant asserted, in the bed with her mistress. On Saturday morning Miss Baker fancied her "little Bobby" not so well as usual, and in consequence sent the applicant for a chicken for her dinner, telling her not to mind the price, but to get a really tender chicken. The young woman procured the chicken, and as her mistress was in her bedroom she took the chicken there. Miss Baker unlocked the door of her chamber to admit her, and for some reason or other, locked the door again, and "her little Bobby" observed the matter, and within his reach, rushed in and made a most furious attack upon her. The animal in a frightful manner, so much so that she was obliged to go to the hospital and have the wounds cauterized and dressed, and she was then suffering severely from the injuries she received. Mr. Elliott: Did your mistress not assist you in getting away from the dog or getting the animal away from you? Applicant: No, sir. All she did was to cry out, "Don't injure my dear little Bobby, my dear little angel," and the door being locked I could not get away. I screamed out as loud as I could, and a crowd having gathered about the house the room door was forced, and I was released. Mr. Elliott directed Revell, 175, one of the summoning officers, to see Miss Baker, and learn from her what she intended doing for the young woman so severely injured. Revell, on his return, said that from the number of dogs kept in the house the reputation of Miss Baker was becoming a perfect nuisance in the neighbourhood. Miss Baker, however, admitted that she did not mind giving the complainant £7 or £8 for the injuries; and immediately after Revell had reached the court an attorney was seen in conversation with the applicant, and it further appeared that she found her way to the office of the attorney, and did not return. Mr. Elliott remarked that it was much to be regretted that the friends of Miss Baker did not interfere and care for her extravagant and eccentric fancies and indulgence of the canine species.

SEVERED PERSONS.—Joseph Bailey and William Roberts, the latter a ticket-of-leave man, were placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, on a charge of being found loitering in the neighbourhood of the Oval-road, on the night before, with intent to commit a robbery. Police-constable 51 F said that about ten o'clock on the evening before he saw the prisoners loitering about seven o'clock, and looking into and about every house without a light. Suspecting them, he followed them about for some considerable time, and his suspicions being confirmed by their conduct he stepped and questioned them as to their business in the neighbourhood. Their replies to his questions were that they worked in the docks on Saturday, and had no settled place of abode, but generally slept at the houses in the neighbourhood of Shore-lane. He then took them into custody and at the station was sergeant Hammond recognized the prisoner Roberts as the son of a person living in the neighbourhood. After they were taken up, he (witness) went to the residence of B. Roberts's father, and he read out the letter that his son had stolen from him on the Wednesday before two o'clock, a knife and other property belonging to him, and he (witness) handed it to him. The letter was to the effect that he (witness) had been convicted of felony, and he (witness) had been sentenced to four years' penal servitude, and had ultimately been discharged on an eight months' ticket-of-leave. The father of Roberts

confirmed the statement of his son having robbed him of two coats and a knife, and identified the knife found on his son as his property, and also said he had found the life-preserver in his son's room. The prisoner Roberts was committed for trial, and Bailey was remanded for a week.

WANDSWORTH.

STREAKING KILNER.—Mr. Charles James, a coach-painter, carrying on business in Edward-street, Kennington-road, was charged with assisting two young women on Clapham-common. Rebecca Smith said she was kitchen-maid in the service of Sir George Pollock, who resided on Clapham-common. On Monday, the 19th inst., about twenty minutes past four o'clock, she was returning home by the end of the common, when the defendant suddenly presented himself behind the fence and prevented her from passing. He was a stranger to her, and she told him that if he did not allow her to pass on she would call for assistance. He replied it was no use, as no one would hear her. He put his hand round her waist, and asked her to let him kiss her. She refused, of course, as she did not wish to be kissed by a man like him. He succeeded in kissing her, and he left her, using very insolent language. Mr. Haynes, for the defendant: Did he kiss you more than once? Witness: No. Mr. Haynes: Then he was satisfied with one sweet kiss. I suppose you don't object to a kiss, do you? Witness: Oh, yes, I do, from a person like him. (Laughter.) Charlotte Sarah Banks, housemaid in the same service, said about twenty minutes to five o'clock on the Monday in question she was crossing the common when the defendant came from behind the fence. He caught hold of her by the shoulder and said, "All I want is to kiss you and wish you a merry Christmas." (Laughter.) He attempted to kiss her by pulling her back. He afterwards gave her his card to prove that he did not intend to do her any harm. She met the butler, who told her about her fellow servant and she said, "Perhaps it is the same man." She gave him the card. Mr. Haynes elicited from the young women that they were willing to accept an apology which the defendant was anxious to tender to them on the following day, but Sir George Pollock would not allow them. He (Mr. Haynes) did not deny the charge, but said it was a foolish freak of the moment, induced by a little liquor the defendant had taken. Mr. Dayman said Sir George Pollock was quite right in not allowing an apology to be accepted, as he was bound to look after the interests of his servants. He fined the defendant in each summons 40s, and 2s costs. The defendant paid one fine and costs, and he was allowed a week's grace to pay the other.

AN UNLICENCED THEATRE.—PLATES "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN."—Frederick Fredericks, the proprietor of a travelling theatre, was summoned by Inspector Abrook, of the V division, for unlawfully causing to be performed a certain part in a stage play, the same not being a patent theatre, or duly licensed as a licensed theatre. The defendant pleaded "Guilty," and said it was very hard that such places for the poorer classes could not be licensed. Police-constable Sanford, 332 V, said that on the 11th ultimo he went to the defendant's theatre at the corner of Nelson's-row, White-square, Clapham, ten minutes to eight o'clock in the evening. He pulled up the defendant. Inside he found music being played in 2d approximation to the stage. There were footlights and lights suspended over head. He saw traps in the floor of the stage, and a drop scene. The magistrate thought it unnecessary to take any more evidence as to the place being a theatre as the defendant had pleaded guilty to the summons. The constable added that a play was enacted by characters called a "Ticket-of-Leave Man." Mr. Taylor, the clerk, inquired of the constable how he knew the play was called by that name. The constable replied that on the termination of the play the defendant announced that the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" would be repeated on the following evening. The defendant, on being asked what he had to say, pleaded for a mitigation of the penalty. He complained of being singled out by the police, and mentioned other theatres where they had taken notice of such exhibitions. The magistrate said the defendant had been fined before for a similar offence, and therefore knew he was doing wrong. He (the magistrate) believed he had no discretion in the case, and must fine the defendant £10, and 2s costs. The money was paid.

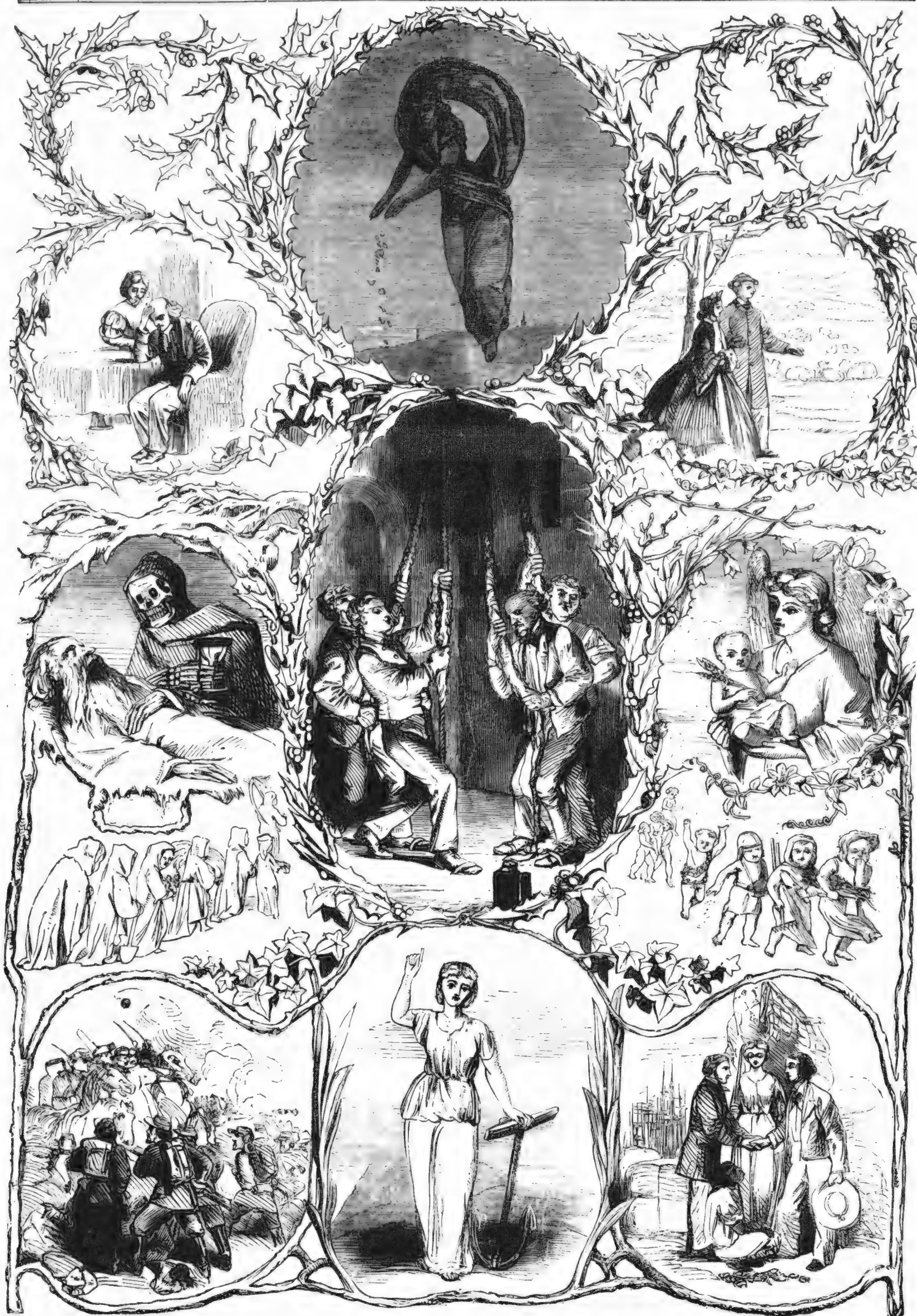
DECEPTION AND BIGAMY.—A respectably-dressed female, who gave the name of Charlotte Washington, and said she lived in Somerset-row, Garrick-lane, Wandsworth, applied to Mr. Ingham for a protective order. In answer to questions, the applicant stated that her husband, Willis Washington, went to Ireland about two years ago to seek employment, and since he had not received any communication from him since. She had heard that he had been married again, and was now in the north of England. She produced the copy of a certificate, which showed that her husband had been married in the name of Willis Washington, in a Presbyterian Church in Ireland, in August, 1863. Applicant obtained her living by the assistance of her son. Mr. Ingham inquired of the applicant what property she wished him to protect? The applicant said she wished him to prevent her husband from re-entering her home. Mr. Ingham asked her who bought the furniture? The applicant said her husband. Mr. Ingham then told her that he could not give an order to protect the furniture which her husband left when he was away. Mr. Taylor, the clerk, suggested to her that her best protection was to give him in custody for bigamy. The applicant: Oh, I do that. Mr. Ingham: Of course you can. She then applied to him to let him put her in custody for bigamy. Mr. Ingham: If she comes in I may give you a certificate and give him in custody. With the certificate in your possession you would be justified in taking that course. Mr. Ingham, however, granted the applicant an order to date from the 1st of September, 1863, as she stated that she had purchased some goods in her husband's name.

GREENWICH.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE ON A RAILWAY.—Edmund Abbot, a man about 40 years of age, living at Sydenham, was placed in the dock before Mr. Trill, charged with attempting to commit suicide on the London and Brighton Railway. From the evidence of Mr. Spearpoint, station-master at the Forest-hill Station, it appeared that about a minute previous to the 8.15 pm. up express train being due to pass the station, the prisoner observed to leave the platform, and, proceeding a short distance up the line, he knelt down and placed a small bottle across the rails upon which the train would pass. One of the porters at the station heard a female call to train would stop, and on being overheard from his perilous position he declared that "he meant to do it." The prisoner, in answer to the magistrate, said he had been drinking, and had no intention of destroying himself. Mr. Trill said the prisoner's explanation might be true or false. His conduct had been very strange, and had not been taken from off the line doubtless he would have been killed. By his own account he was drunk, and this was an offence in itself for which he was liable to a fine of 40s, which sum he should order him to pay, or, in default to be imprisoned for one month. The prisoner, who appeared rather astounded at this decision, was removed in custody.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON A WIFE.—George Bates, aged 35, of Lambeth, Greenwich, was charged with violently assaulting his wife, Esther Bates. The complaint appeared with her head bandaged, and her face and eyes considerably bruised. From her statement it appeared that the prisoner had only recently been discharged from prison, where he had been confined for three months for a violent assault upon her. She had been living separate from him, at the house of her parents, nearly three years, and worked for the support of herself and four children. On Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, she was returning home from a gentleman's house at Greenwich, where she had been engaged during the day as a cook, when she met a man well known to her husband and herself, and spoke to him. The prisoner afterwards came up and knocked her down, when she became insensible. Police-constable 213 B deposed that he heard screams of "Murder," he ran to the spot, and found the complainant lying against a wall, and bleeding from a wound in the head. The prisoner was standing in the roadway and said he was not going to run away. Witness at once took the prisoner into custody, and on the way to the station he said, "It is a very good thing for her I had nothing with me, or it would have been worse." Mr. Trill remanded the prisoner till Saturday.

REMARKABLE DISAPPEARANCE OF A BRIDE.—William Fletcher, a young man respectably connected, and residing in Rotherhithe-street, Rotherhithe, appeared in a summons charging him with threatening the life of Calvin Austin. Mr. Dixon attended in support of the summons, and Mr. Cooke for the defence. The complainant is a respectable married man, and the defendant is a young man, who, according to his own statement, it appeared that he had been married on the 27th ult., while waiting at the railway station with his father and mother and sister. The defendant commenced abusing him, and on the following day called upon him at his shop and challenged him outside to fight, and on declining the challenge he threatened "the first time he caught him out he would give him one what would do for him." Mr. Cooke cross-examined the complainant, with the view of showing that he had been last married in what was termed "splitting" a bridegroom away from a newly-married wife. From this it appeared that a brother of the complainant's married a first cousin of the defendant's at St. George's Church, S.W. hark, on the 10th of March last, but that in the evening of the same day some members of the complainant's family, some of whom times he had seen, and carried the bridegroom away, since which time he had not been seen or heard of by the newly-married wife. It was denied that the defendant had used the threat sworn to, but meeting the complainant and other members of the family, and feeling an anxiety respecting his cousin, who had been mysteriously disappeared on the first day of her marriage, he had asked complainant and his sister if they had heard anything of their brother (the husband). The complainant denied knowing where his brother was, or that he was married to the defendant's cousin, except from hearsay. Mr. Trill said he had no discretion in the case, and must fine the defendant £20 for three months, and the wife being immediately tendered and accepted, the parties left the court.



DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR—THE ADVENT OF THE NEW. (See page 465.)

STAFFORD GAOL.

In our last we gave the particulars of the execution of Hale and Brough, at Stafford gaol. We now give an illustration of the exterior of the gaol on the night previous to the double execution. The gaol is a modern structure, of extensive dimensions, and well arranged, both for the health and classification of prisoners, 200 of whom may be accommodated in separate cells.

In our account of the execution, we stated that Hale died persisting in his innocence. The following is the conversation which took place between Hale and the chaplain. The latter, addressing Hale, said, "In a few moments you will have to stand in the presence of Almighty God. I adjure you, I implore you, not to die with a lie upon your lips, but to tell the truth, the whole truth. Are you guilty of the murder of Eliza Stillitor?"

Hale: I am quite innocent.

The chaplain: When did you last see her alive?

Hale: At half-past twelve on the previous night.

The chaplain: And you say you are innocent?

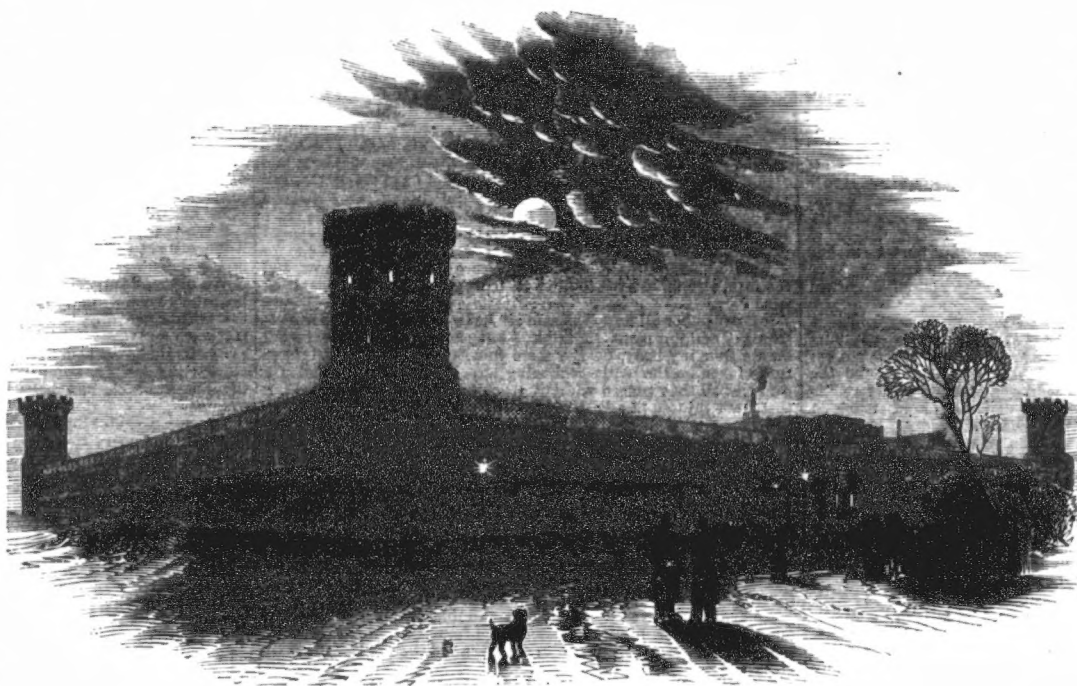
Hale: I am.

The chaplain: So help you, God?

Hale: So help me, God!

The chaplain: May the Lord have mercy on your soul!

Hale: Amen.



STAFFORD GAOL THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION OF HALE AND BROUGH.

In reply to a further question put to him by another person in the procession as to his guilt or innocence, Hale said, "This is the place to test me. I am innocent."

SUICIDE THROUGH FEAR OF DISHONOUR.—A melancholy case of suicide took place three days ago at Verberis (Oise). A man named Vignon, fifty-two years of age, who had been employed as letter-carrier for the rural districts for many years, and had acquired general confidence from the manner in which he discharged his duties, had a sum of 2,000*fr.* in bank-notes confided to him by the cashier of a manufactory, and for which he was to bring back gold and silver. When Vignon arrived at Verberis he was horrified at finding that he had lost the notes, and in a moment of despair, at the idea of his honesty being suspected, he hanged himself. Scarcely an hour after the notes were returned to the person to whom they belonged, the packet having been picked up by a man who was passing along the road, and who found the address of the owner on the paper in which they were wrapped up.

The executors of the late Mr. David Roberts intend to have an exhibition of all his drawings, to be open in London gratuitously, early in the spring.

Literature.

THE DESERTED HOUSE,
AND WHAT HAPPENED IN IT.

BY CLAUDE CROFTON.

I CAME upon it in the course of my solitary ramble one afternoon. I was out on a berrying expedition, and having heaped my basket with the great shining blackberries, and perceiving signs of an approaching shower, I turned to retrace my steps. But I had wandered further than I had any idea of, and was a little uncertain what direction to take. Judging from the landmarks, I concluded I must be full two miles from home. Heavy masses of thunder-laden clouds were surging up from the north-west, and rapidly darkening the whole heavens: the rain would be upon me before I could walk half that distance. I hastened my steps, anxious to find some refuge from the impending shower.

As I emerged from the woods I paused and glanced around me in every direction. Only one human habitation was in sight, that was a solitary farm-house, situate in the midst of a field, at some distance from the highway. I let down the bars, which formed the primitive mode of entrance into this domain, and hurried along the narrow footpath leading to the house, hoping to find shelter beneath its roof. As I approached the lonely dwelling I could discover no signs of life about the premises; no smoke wreath curled gracefully from the tall chimneys, no open door invited the traveller to enter. A nearer view satisfied me that the place was deserted. The house was old, weather-stained, and dilapidated; loose clapboards rattled in the wind, and moss and lichens grew upon the roof.

The air of desolation and neglect that brooded over the whole place gave me a disagreeable, almost painful sensation, but there was no time for extended observations. A burst of thunder rattled over my head, and a few heavy raindrops, the *avant-couriers* of the coming storm, pattered on the dusty grass at my feet.

I ran up the stone steps and tried the heavy panelled door; it was fast, and refused to open to my needs. The windows were without blind or curtain, and through them I could look into the square, empty rooms within.

"There must be another way of entrance, and I will find it," I said.

And hurrying round the corner of the house, found the second door at the back. This, less securely fastened than the other, yielded to my efforts to open it, and I entered the house.

Passing through a long entry, I found myself in a large room, which must have served as a kitchen in former days. The atmosphere of the apartment was close and musty, and my first act was to sit down my basket and throw open a window to admit the fresh air. Then I glanced around me. The room was bare of furniture. There was a large open fireplace at one end, black and yawning, like the mouth of a cavern; the smoke-stained ceiling was seamed with great cracks, and looked ready to give way altogether. The mouldy wall paper hung off in loose flakes from the wall, and rattled like dry bones in the gust of air that swept through the room. I started nervously at the sound, and felt relieved when I discovered what had occasioned it.

I did not attempt to visit the other parts of the house, but throwing off my hat and shawl, crouched down on the white pine floor, beside the open window, and watched the blackened sky, lit up almost momentarily by sheets of dazzling flame. The roll of the thunder was continuous, and the rain came down as though threatening the earth with a second deluge.

"If this continues till night, as it seems likely to do," thought I, "I shall have the choice of spending the night here, or trying to grope my way through the darkness. A pleasant prospect, truly! What an adventure it would be to relate to my summer friends!"

And that thought suggested others, and I forgot all about the storm in the train of reflections thus awakened. Six weeks before I had been engaged in the follies and flirtations of a fashionable watering-place. Why had I left it so suddenly? Ah, thereby hangs a tale.

Until my seventeenth year I had known nothing of wealth or luxury, for up to that time my father's daily life had been a hard struggle with poverty, to procure the means of subsistence and of educating his children, as he had resolved they should be educated, despite all obstacles. But about that period he came unexpectedly into the possession of a large fortune, left him by a distant relative. Our whole course of life was at once changed; society discovered at once that Mr. Harvey was a most refined and gentlemanly personage, and his daughter Mildred, myself, a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

Among my admirers I numbered a young lawyer, Swayn Selcott by name, who was employed by my father in law-business connected with the property to which he had become heir. My father thought highly of him, and perhaps my own opinion was not less favourable. He was poor, in the common acceptance of the term, having only his native talents and energy to depend upon in winning his way in the world, but rich in the most noble qualities of head and heart, and in a reputation that was without a stain. He never spoke to me of his love, but he betrayed it by look and act, and I was as sure of his existence as though the confession had been already breathed in my ear. I knew that it was pride alone that withheld the avowal, for he dreaded the imputation of being a fortune-seeker, and perhaps feared that I should do him that injustice.

I have said that the beginning of the fashionable season that summer found me at Newport. Swayn Selcott soon joined our party there. It was the first time he had ever left his business to idle at a watering-place; was I wrong in supposing that I was the magnet that attracted him there? One pleasant night he drew me away from the heat and glare of the ball-room on to the moonlit terrace, where we were joined by another couple, my friend Annie Wilbur and her lover. Annie was in high spirits, and commenced giving Mr. Selcott an animated description of a ride we had taken that day and a cottage at which we had called for water.

"It was such a cottage as we read about in novels," Mrs. Selcott, she said, "all embedded in vines and roses. I looked to see Mildred go into ecstasies over it, and was disappointed that she did not, for she is strongly inclined to the sentimental, you know."

I reddened with anger and annoyance at her badinage. Swayn Selcott's eyes were fixed full on my face; was he trying to read my thoughts? What spirit of evil prompted me to answer Annie as I did?

"You are mistaken," I said, "in thinking that I incline to 'love in a cottage' and that sort of sentimental trash. I have seen too much of the evils of poverty to be willing to encounter them again. My ideal of a residence is a brown stone front, in a fashionable square. I prefer gaslight to glowworms, velvet tapestry carpets to rush-covered floors, silk damask to plain white muslin for curtains, and rosewood and marble to cheap pine for furniture. I consider vases, pictures, and statues as indispensable articles, and a liberal supply of well-trained servants as among the necessities of life."

I had spoken with a tone and emphasis that left no doubt as to my meaning just what I said. What bitter cause for repentance I soon had! Was it the moonlight falling full on Swayn Selcott's face which gave it that white, fixed look, or had my words produced it?

"You have drawn the picture with a skillful hand," said Annie, gaily; "but wouldn't the presence of a certain rich young M. C. be necessary to complete it?"

"Perhaps so," I answered, carelessly, as I turned away.

Her M. C. meant, gentlemen, a wealthy young Mortimer Crosby, who was foremost in my train of devotees, and the allusion was understood by my companions.

"The night air is chilly. Shall we return to the ball-room?" said Mr. Selcott, folding my shawl about me. He spoke in a hoarse, changed voice, and I accepted his arm in silence. At the door of the ball-room he said abruptly, "I leave this place in the morning."

"So soon!" I said, with a slight start.

"Yes; I ought to have gone before—I have lingered here too long."

Some one approached at that moment and claimed my hand for the dance. Mr. Selcott bowed and withdrew. I did not see him again that evening.

Early the next morning a note was placed in my hand; it was very brief, and ran thus:—

"MILDRED,—I could not leave without bidding you farewell. You have roused me from the sweetest dream that ever man indulged in. But, painful as is the awakening, I thank you for the frankness that has left me nothing either to hope or fear. We shall never meet again. May you be happy. Farewell!"

"SWAYN SELCOTT."

Well, it was all over, then. I might have expected it, knowing him as I did. What if the hand that held the tiny scroll was clenched until the nails pierced the tender flesh? What if the red blood ebbed away from cheek and lip, leaving my face ghastly in its pallor? If my own hand had recklessly spilt the wine of life, I was not one to sigh and complain because the tempting draught could never again be offered to my thirsting lips. No matter how painfully the heart might throb beneath its silken vest so that the world never suspected the secret of its suffering.

I remained at Newport a week longer, outwardly gay and more

brilliant than ever; then I declared to my father that I was sick to death of the everlasting round of dancing, boating, and bathing, and I coaxed him to take me on a visit to my aunt Margaret Howe. He consented willingly, for he almost idolized me, his youngest child, and I believe he would have accompanied me to Siberia without a murmur, had I fancied a pleasure jaunt to that somewhat distant locality.

I loved my aunt Margaret dearly, for she had supplied a mother's place to me through the years that I had been motherless. She lived on a farm in a pleasant little country place called Eastbrook, and thither we journeyed as fast as cars and stage-coaches could convey us.

She received me with open arms, and inveighed energetically against the late hours and health-destroying pleasures that had, as she supposed, stolen the roses from my cheeks. She at once established a regimen which she made me carry out most faithfully. She kept me in the open air, got me to hunt hen's nests, pull peas, and work in the flower-garden; sent me to bed at preposterously early hours, and had me rise with the sun; gave me new milk and fresh eggs, the sweetest of butter and the whitest of home-made bread for my breakfast, and then wondered what could ail me that all her efforts failed to win back my bloom and spirits. But I was improving mentally, if not physically. Hours of solitary thought and communion with nature were gradually but surely effecting a change in my character. It dawned upon me that there were nobler aims and purposes in life than those I had been pursuing. The bitterness had all gone out of my heart. I acknowledged to myself, humbly and sorrowfully, that I had foolishly wrecked my own happiness, but henceforth, heaven helping me, I would live for the good of others.

My aunt's latest specific had been to send me out on long daily walks, ostensibly for the purpose of gathering berries, and this brings me back to that particular afternoon, and my situation in the deserted house.

Wrapt in my own thoughts, I heeded neither the war of elements without nor the gloom and loneliness within, until a harsh, creaking sound startled me out of my reverie and on to my feet. It was the opening of the front door which I had tried in vain. I heard it groan as it swung inward on its rusty hinges, and then closed again with a clash. Next came quick, heavy footsteps along the passage way and into the room adjoining the one which I occupied. I stood expectant, and a little apprehensive. The door between the rooms was flung open, and—could I believe the evidence of my eyes?—there, on the threshold, stood Swayn Selcott, gazing upon me with a look of unutterable surprise, as though doubting the reality of the vision before him. We stood facing each other in silence. He was the first to speak.

"Mildred—Miss Harley—is it really you in bodily form, or is it only an illusion of the eyesight?"

"It is certainly me, and in the flesh," I replied, with a smile, surprise, and a slight touch of amusement at the singularity of the affair, relieving me of the embarrassment which I should otherwise have felt at this unexpected meeting.

"Ah, yes, your voice proves your identity; but how in the name of all that's wonderful does it happen that I find you here?"

"That is easily explained. I am visiting a relative in this neighbourhood—Mrs. Margaret Howe. I came out this afternoon to gather berries—in proof whereof witness my basket—I lost my way in the wood, saw the shower coming up, deserted this house, and effected an entrance by force of arms just in time to escape the rain. Now account for your own appearance, if you please."

"Mine! Oh, I came for the sole purpose of looking once more on my old home before I bade it farewell for ever, but less fortunate than you, I was caught by the shower before I reached the house."

"Your old home?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes; this place belongs to me. You did not suspect that I was the owner of so much real estate, did you? I am happy that it has afforded you shelter. Allow me to welcome you to my ancestral halls!"

He spoke in such light, mocking tones, that I was uncertain whether he was in jest or earnest.

"I can't believe you are serious," I said; "if the place really is yours, it must have come to you in fee from some broken-down client. It looks as though it might have passed through a lawsuit bodily."

"No," he answered more gravely, "I inherited it from an uncle; I will tell you about it, but first let me find you a chair. I think there are some stowed away in the attic."

He ran lightly up the stairs and returned presently, bearing two old-fashioned flag-bottomed chairs, one of which he placed for me and invited me to be seated.

"I wish I could offer you refreshments," he said gaily, "but unfortunately my larder is empty."

"I can supply that deficiency," I said, smiling. "Please accept some of my berries; you will find them nearly as sweet as those you eat in childhood, when all fruit retains its original Eden freshness to the taste."

He accepted them with thanks, pronouncing them delicious. He did not take the other chair, but remained standing on the hearth with his arm resting on the mantelpiece.

"I promise," he said, after a moment's pause, "to tell you how I came in possession of this place. The story can be told in a few words. It was the home of my uncle, the only relative I ever knew—for I was orphaned in infancy. He adopted me, and was in all respects a father to me. He was a singular being; silent and gloomy always, his very presence threw a chilling shadow over my childish sports. What secret sorrow or painful memory was slowly eating out his life I never knew, but in all the years that I lived with him I never saw him smile. The man's face was a living tombstone; engraven in its deep lines you might read, 'Sacred to the memory of—what?' Some lost hope, some buried passion, perhaps, whose death had made him the wreck he was. He was kind to me always, and though avoiding society himself, permitted me to mingle with it as freely as I chose."

"When I was sixteen I left his roof to enter on my collegiate course, and in after years only visited it at intervals. After leaving college I commenced the study of the law, and had just taken out a license to practise when I was summoned home to attend the funeral of my uncle. He had died suddenly of heart disease while in the act of inditing a letter to me, and was found sitting in his chair, the pen still clasped in his stiffened fingers. From the few lines written it was evident that he was about to impart to me some important communication, but death cut short the intended revelation. As heir-at-law I came in possession of this house and the small farm attached to it."

"There had always been an impression in the neighbourhood that my uncle was a wealthy man. In early life he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he had abandoned suddenly from some unknown cause; probably it was connected with the sad secret of his life, whatever that might be."

"He had always paid my expenses, and supplied me liberally with pocket-money. I knew not from what source he derived his funds, for he was reserved in all his transactions, and I loved him too sincerely to question him with regard to anything that he chose to keep secret; but I had given no credit to the vague rumours concerning his supposed wealth, and felt no disappointment at finding myself heir only to a tumble-down house and a few acres of unproductive land. Henceforth I must depend entirely on my own resources. A lingering attachment to the home of my childhood made me unwilling to sell the place, if indeed I could have found a purchaser, and the isolated situation of the house rendered it difficult to find a tenant for it, so I fastened upon the premises and left the place to solitude. That was seven years ago. I have seldom visited it since, but of late I have felt an irresistible longing to look upon it once more before the ocean divided me from it, perhaps for ever."

"The ocean!" I said; "are you going to leave your native land?"

"I start for Australia next week."

"Indeed!"

I tried hard to steady my voice, and I do not think there was any faltering in its tones as I continued, "Do you think of making a permanent home on that auriferous soil, or shall you return when you have achieved—what I suppose is the object of your ambition—a fortune?"

"Who knows? It will be just as destiny decides. Perhaps at some far distant day, say twenty years or so from the present time, if my life is spared, I may return to look once more on familiar scenes and the faces of old friends, if any such are left."

He paused a moment, and then resumed in a half-bitter, half-mocking tone, "If such a thing should happen, I presume I should have the pleasure of finding you a blooming matron, presiding as Mrs. Mortimer Crosby, or Mrs. Somebody else, over the palatial mansion you are destined to occupy."

Why need he have said that? Did he wish to torture me? I almost hated him for the moment as he stood there, so cool and calm, looking down upon me from his six feet of altitude, with those dark, searching eyes, that seemed to read my face as they would an open book. How handsome he was, to be sure; with those finely-chiselled features set off by the closely curling beard and hair, as black and glossy as—well, after all, I can find no better comparison than that much-used raven's wing. My manner was coolness itself, as I answered,—

"Very possibly you may. Time brings strange changes, and teaches us some startling truths, and you may chance to learn a lesson from it."

"What do you mean, Mildred?" he asked, quickly.

"Nothing in particular; my words had a general application."

There was silence for a few moments. Our conversation had been interrupted every now and then by rattling volleys of thunder, and sharp, blinding flashes of lightning. I had drawn my chair close to the open window; he observed it, and said, hastily, "You must not sit there, Mildred; it is dangerous, and that window ought not to be open."

I rose just as he stepped forward to close it. How shall I describe what followed? A broad sheet of blue flame suddenly illuminated the room. I felt myself flung backward, as by an invisible hand. A current of electricity seemed pouring through my system. A stunning crash, as though the house was falling about our heads, was in my ears for an instant, then sight and sense failed together. When they returned, dimly at first, and then more perfectly, I rose slowly up from the floor on which I had been lying prostrate, and gazed around me with a stunned and bewildered feeling. The room was filled with a strong sulphurous smell that nearly choked me. I saw at once where the fiery bolt had struck. The whole wall of the room opposite the window was a confused mass of ruins. Blackened and splintered boards, torn and shivered paper, fragments of brick and heaps of plaster were mingled together indiscriminately.

But my companion, Swayn Selcott, where was he? A second glance showed him to me. He lay directly in the pathway made by the lightning, extended at full length, silent and motionless as the dead. Was he living? I dared not ask myself the question as I knelt, awe-struck, at his side. His eyes were closed as if in slumber, his face calm and placid as that of an infant. There was no mark of the fiery fluid on his person, as far as I could observe. I raised his head on my arm, and loosed his neckcloth, then I clasped his wrist, and searched breathlessly for the faint throbbing that should whisper of life. But no pulse fluttered beneath the pressure of my trembling fingers. I tried his temples; the same terrible stillness there. Water! water! surely that would revive him. It was pouring in torrents outside, but I had no vessel to catch it in. Necessity suggested the expedient. I seized my light shawl and held it outstretched from the window. It was saturated in a moment. Then I wrung the cool stream from its folds on his head, and let it trickle down his face. Again and again I repeated the experiment, pausing only to chafe his cold hands, or to watch eagerly for the faintest symptom of returning consciousness. All in vain! Not the slightest breath fluttered from between the closed lips, not the faintest tremor stirred an eyelid. Was this indeed death? Help must be procured at some rate, but how was I to obtain it? If I went forth in that dreaching rain, ignorant as I was what course to take, might it not be hours before I could reach a house and despatch assistance? And if a faint spark of life still lingered in the form before me, would it not be utterly extinguished before the long-delayed help could arrive? I had kept complete control over myself until this moment; doing everything that sug-

gested itself as calmly as if I was about some ordinary employment; knowing that if I would be of any service to him, I must not give way to tears or terrors.

But now, as I gazed on that white, still face, all hope abandoned me, and the anguish of my heart found vent in one wild, despairing cry, "Dead! dead! Oh, heaven! and I loved him so!"

Has human love, in its strong agony and mighty passion, power to call back the soul that is fluttering on the verge of eternity?

I almost thought so the next moment, as I detected a slight, tremulous motion of my companion's lips, so slight at first that I feared my eyes had deceived me, but a little after a flickering light, like a ripple of sunshine, swept slowly over his face. I watched with clasped hands and suspended breath, divided betwixt hope and fear. Then the dark eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves full on my face, as I bent over him. He lay quietly regarding me for a few moments, as though trying to collect his thoughts sufficiently to account for my presence so near him. Presently he spoke: "Where am I? What has happened?"

I told him in a few words. My voice quivered a little now, and the tears struggled hard to force their way, but I kept them back resolutely.

"I remember all now," he said; "I saw the flash, but was conscious of nothing more. I think I was prostrated, and the breath driven from my body, by the mere force of the shock, as I have read of men on the battle-field being struck down by the wind of a cannon-ball that passed without touching them. I do not think that I am injured at all; I wonder if I could rise?"

I gave him my hand, and with some difficulty he regained his feet, but he staggered with weakness, and I was obliged to assist him to a chair. I sank into the other, my strength all gone, now that the excitement which had kept it up had passed away.

"My poor child," he said "how white you are! and you tremble from weakness more than I do. You must have been terribly frightened."

I smiled faintly in answer.

"I think," he added, after gazing for a moment on the wreck wrought by the lightning, "I think we have both been very near the gates of death this day."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and his lips moved as if in prayer. My own head was bowed, and from both hearts went up a fervent thanksgiving to the All-Father for the life that He had preserved.

"What is this?" said my companion, with a look of surprise, as he passed his hand across his open throat, and then through his damp hair.

I explained what I had done.

"And you had the courage and presence of mind to use means for my recovery. You are a brave girl, Mildred."

I was silent; he leaned towards me.

"Mildred, the first thing of which I was conscious when recovering from that deathlike trance was the sound of your voice. I heard it, as in a dream, before I could move a finger or give the faintest sign of life, but every word was distinctly audible to me. Mildred, will you abide by that confession?"

I turned away my head, and put up my hands to hide the burning blushes that were covering face and neck.

"Mildred," he resumed, "I have loved you long, with a love as deep and devoted as ever glowed in a human bosom. But you were an heiress, and pride restrained the confession of my feelings. I had made up my mind, however, to hazard the avowal, when some remarks of yours, the last night of my stay at Newport, completely crushed my hopes, and I left your presence resolved to quit friends at home, and seek, amid far distant scenes, to forget one whom I had loved so vainly and so well. You remember the words to which I allude?"

"That foolish speech," I said; "pray forget that I uttered it. I never meant it in earnest, and have regretted it bitterly since."

I paused in confusion, maiden pride and shame checking the confession of what I had suffered.

"I will forget it gladly," he replied, "if you will only permit me to remember those other words spoken to-day."

I did not answer in words, but slowly, timidly, I turned, and with beating heart and downcast eyes, laid my hand in his.

He clasped it close, and drawing me nearer—but no matter for the rest. The next half-hour slipped swiftly by, for we had much to say to each other.

"But your father?" questioned my companion, a little doubtingly.

"Will not say 'no,' where I have answered 'yes,'" I replied.

"Rest easy on that score. My father loves me too well to oppose me in anything essential to my happiness."

The rain had nearly ceased. The clouds were breaking away, showing the blue sky between their rifts, and the thunder muttered faintly in the distance.

"We shall be able to venture forth soon," remarked my companion.

"Are you strong enough to walk so far?" I asked, doubtingly.

"We shall not need to walk; I left my horse and carriage in the shed, not a dozen rods from the house."

He had risen as he spoke, and approaching the fireplace, stood gazing on the ruins. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation that drew me to his side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw what attracted his attention. The wall above the mantelpiece was not of plaster, but of woodwork curiously panelled. This had been covered with paper which was torn away, and through the shattered woodwork a cavity in the wall beneath was plainly visible. My companion pushed aside the broken panel, and revealed a tiny closet with a single shelf in it. On this shelf lay a square package, of moderate size, wrapped in brown paper, and strongly secured. It was directed on the outside, "For my nephew, Swayn Selcott. To be opened only by him."

"It is my uncle's handwriting," said Selcott, "and doubtless it was the secret of this hiding-place which he was about to reveal when his hand was palsied by death."

He broke the seals of the package, and removed several wrappings: the inner one being of oiled silk, disclosed the contents—a number of papers neatly tied together.

"We will sit down and look these over at our leisure," he said. "Come, Mildred, your interests are one with mine now; help me to examine these papers."

The man was growing saucy with success, but I rather liked it in him, and seating myself demurely by his side we commenced the examination.

The first document opened purported to be the last will and testament of William Selcott, Esq., and bequeathed, in the legal form and phrase, to his well-beloved nephew, Swayn Selcott, all the property of which the writer died possessed. Then followed the enumeration of various sums of money deposited in different banking-houses.

Swayn (he insisted on my calling him that) ran them over rapidly.

"The figures amount to ten thousand pounds," he said. "Not quite enough for that brown stone front, Mildred, but I think we shall arrive at it in time."

"No more of that!" and thou lovest me," I replied, laughing and colouring; but I added, mischievously, "I suppose you will not care to go to California, now that you have found a fortune nearer home?"

"No," he said, "my motive for going to California was destroyed by the first discovery that I made here to-day; this is the second and lesser one. The old house has been very kind to me: it has given me both a bride and fortune, but it gave the greatest treasure first."

"You are getting unendurable," I said: "go on with the reading."

"The will was duly signed and witnessed."

"I shall have no difficulty in proving this instrument," observed my companion, "for I know all these witnesses to be living; but what could have induced my uncle to deposit it in such a hiding-place? But for that timely stroke of lightning, a blessing in more ways than one, the package might have remained undiscovered until the house crumbled into ruins, and possibly never have been recovered. However, the act was of a piece with his whole character, and I will not question his motives, for I am certain that he thought he was acting for my benefit."

A part of the other papers were certificates given by the officers of the various banks in which the money was deposited. Then we came to a roll of manuscript labelled "The Story of William Selcott."

"We will leave this unread for the present," said Swayn. "We will not sadden our new-found happiness by a tale of suffering, perhaps remorse. Some day we will read it together."

We did read it together a few months later; or rather I sat at my husband's knee while he read the narrative aloud. I may give it to the world some day, but at present it has nothing to do with my story.

By the time we had finished the papers, the rain had entirely ceased; the sun was shining once more, and we proposed to leave the house which had been to us the scene of such startling events.

The sun was sinking behind the western hills as we went out together, and every tree and bush, and tiny blade of grass, seemed dowered with a new glory and beauty. As we crossed the threshold both of us turned involuntarily and breathed a silent blessing on the Deserted House.

THE ROYAL NAVAL FORCES.

From the official return of the number, names, tonnage, armament, and horse power of each vessel, both steamers and sailing ships, composing the British navy, published on the 1st of January, 1865, under the authority of the Lords of the Admiralty, we find that the total strength of the navy of England numbers 765 ships of all classes, exclusive of which there are now building at the various royal dockyards and private firms 28 others, which will mount from 1 to 81 guns each, and many of which are far advanced towards completion. Of the above number of vessels we may calculate upon 850 line-of-battle ships, frigates, corvettes, sloops, &c., as being ready to put to sea at a short notice, exclusive of about 100 gunboats. The number at present in commission and doing duty in various parts of the globe amounts to 224, besides 48 gunboats; and there are also in commission 48 Coastguard cruisers and 38 watch vessels.

The above may be summarised thus:—342 effective line-of-battle ships, frigates, corvettes, sloops, &c., mounting from 1 to 131 guns each; 114 screw gunboats, from 209 to 270 tons each; 108 sailing ships, many of which are in commission; 115 employed in harbour service as receiving ships, hospital ships, powder depots, coal depots, &c.; 48 Coastguard cruisers; and 38 Coastguard watch vessels.

The vessels now building are as follows:—

Iron Screw Ships.				
Ships.	Port.	Guns.	H.P.	Tons.
Agincourt, Bokenhead	26	1,350	6,621	
Bellerophon, Chatham	14	1,000	4,246	
Northumberland, Millwall	26	1,350	6,621	
Lord Warden, Chatham	24	1,000	4,067	
Iron Screw Corvette.				
Pallas, Woolwich	6	600	2,372	
Hydraulic Iron-clad Steam-vessel.				
Waterwitch, Blackwall	1	167	778	
Double Screw Iron and Wood Gunboats.				
Vixen, Poplar	2	167	727	
Vixen, Deptford-green	2	160	754	
Screw Ships, Corvettes, Frigates, &c.				
Amazon, Pembroke	4	300	1,081	
Brusier, Portsmouth	2	61	270	
Bulwark, Chatham	81	800	3,716	
Oberon, Portsmouth	2	60	236	
Cromer, Portsmouth	2	60	236	
Dartmouth, Woolwich	36	500	2,478	
Edinburgh, Deptford	22	500	2,478	
Helicon, Portsmouth	1	250	835	
Esther, Devonport	36	500	2,478	
Minstrel, Portsmouth	2	60	233	
Myrmidon, Chatham	4	200	695	
Nassau, Pembroke	4	200	695	
Newport, Pembroke	5	80	425	
Niobe, Deptford	4	300	1,381	
North Star, Sheerness	22	400	1,857	
Orwell, Portsmouth	2	60	233	
Repulse, Woolwich	81	800	3,716	
Robust, Devonport	81	800	3,716	
Sylvia, Woolwich	4	200	695	
Vestal, Pembroke	4	300	1,081	

BARBAROUS MURDER.—Much excitement has been caused among the English residents at St. Petersburg by a horrible murder lately committed there. The unfortunate victim is Frances Wyatt, who lived with her husband on board the *Arcadian*, of Liverpool, a brig of 200 tons burden. It appears that the vessel, of which Wyatt is the captain, had already taken in her cargo, and was about to put to sea, when she was caught by the ice and obliged to winter at St. Petersburg. She is now lying off Tobolsk, some seventy paces from the shore. This part of the town is considerably lower down the river than the place usually selected by ships that are detained in the Neva, and it was probably the isolated position of the vessel that tempted the murderer. Wyatt left his ship at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, with the intention of calling on a brother captain, and when he arrived there he begged the daughters of his friend to go and see his wife, who was quite alone. The horror of these poor girls may be easily imagined on finding the unfortunate woman lying dead in the cabin. The alarm was immediately given, and the police were soon on the spot. From the marks of footsteps in the snow, it would seem that there was only one person engaged in the crime, and suspicion has fallen upon a Russian sailor, who for several days previously had been seen roaming about in the neighbourhood, and who seemed to be watching the ship. When the crime was committed Mrs. Wyatt was writing in the cabin, as a half-finished letter was found on her table. The murder was perpetrated in the most barbarous manner, the implements made use of being a clock-weight and a hammer, which were found near the body, and bore evident marks of having been used in committing the crime. The cabin was found in the greatest disorder. One of the chairs was broken, the place had been thoroughly ransacked, and a great many things carried off—among them a great portion of the wearing apparel of both Wyatt and his wife, the captain's watch, and 155 rubles, besides a pocket-book which contained some memoranda. The murderer appears to have made an attempt to set fire to the ship, as smoke was seen issuing from the cabin window, and a chair was partly burnt. From the fact of so many articles having been stolen, it is hoped that some discovery may soon be made which will lead to the detection of the murderer. Indeed, it is said that a clue has already been obtained which confirms the suspicion of the crime having been committed by the sailor already alluded to, and who has absconded.—*Galignani*.

BENSON, J. W., watch and clock maker by
special warrant of appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Maker of the Great Clock for the Exhibition, 1863, and of the Chronograph Dial by which was timed "the Derby" of 1863, 1864, and 1865. Prize medals, class 23, and honourable mention, class 15.
Established 1769—23 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London.

BENSON, J. W., begs to invite the attention
of the ability, gentry, and the public to his establishment at 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, which, having been increased in size, by the addition of two houses in the rear, is now the most extensive and richly-stocked in London.

BENSON, J. W.—His workshops contain an
efficient staff of workmen, selected from the best London houses, and from the studios of France, Germany, and Switzerland. These are employed, not only in the manufacture, but in the repair of watches.

BENSON, J. W., for the convenience of his
customers, has OPENED BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS at 50, Westbourne-grove; 164, Tottenham-court-road; and 67, Newington-causeway.
Manufactory, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill. Established 1769.

BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET
on Watches and Clocks, free by post for three stamps, contains a short history of horology, with prices and patterns, and enables those who live in any part of the world to make a satisfactory selection.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—"The movements
are of the finest quality which the art of horology is at present capable of producing."—Illustrated London News, Feb. Nov. 1863.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1769.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—Chronometer,
duplex, lever, horizontal, vertical, repeating, seconds, keyless, astronomical, variable, chronograph, blind men's, Indian, presentation, and railway, to suit all classes.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—Finely-Finished
1-plate lever movements, compound balance, jewelled, open face, gold, silver, and steel, 23s; hunter, 23s. Silver cases, 23s.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill. Established 1769.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—Lever 1-plate
movements, jewelled, 23s; gold, 23s; silver, 23s; hunter, 23s; open face, 17s; 18s; 19s; 20s; 21s; 22s; 23s. Silver cases, 23s; hunter, 23s; 6 guineas.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill. Established 1769.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—Full-plate Lever
movements, jewelled, strong double-backed gold cases, also for gentlemen, open face, 10s, 12s, 14s, 16s, 18s, 20 guineas; hunter, 13s, 17s, 19s, 21s, 23 guineas. Silver, 5 guineas; hunter, 6 guineas.
33 and 34, Ludgate-hill.

BENSON'S WATCHES.—Well-finished
horizontal movements, jewelled, 23s; a compact, flat watch in double-bottomed silver case, adapted for all classes, warranted, open face, 23s; 24s; 25s; 26s; 27s; 28s; 29s; 30s; 31s; 32s; 33s; 34s; 35s; 36s; 37s; 38s; 39s; 40s; 41s; 42s; 43s; 44s; 45s; 46s; 47s; 48s; 49s; 50s; 51s; 52s; 53s; 54s; 55s; 56s; 57s; 58s; 59s; 60s; 61s; 62s; 63s; 64s; 65s; 66s; 67s; 68s; 69s; 70s; 71s; 72s; 73s; 74s; 75s; 76s; 77s; 78s; 79s; 80s; 81s; 82s; 83s; 84s; 85s; 86s; 87s; 88s; 89s; 90s; 91s; 92s; 93s; 94s; 95s; 96s; 97s; 98s; 99s; 100s; 101s; 102s; 103s; 104s; 105s; 106s; 107s; 108s; 109s; 110s; 111s; 112s; 113s; 114s; 115s; 116s; 117s; 118s; 119s; 120s; 121s; 122s; 123s; 124s; 125s; 126s; 127s; 128s; 129s; 130s; 131s; 132s; 133s; 134s; 135s; 136s; 137s; 138s; 139s; 140s; 141s; 142s; 143s; 144s; 145s; 146s; 147s; 148s; 149s; 150s; 151s; 152s; 153s; 154s; 155s; 156s; 157s; 158s; 159s; 160s; 161s; 162s; 163s; 164s; 165s; 166s; 167s; 168s; 169s; 170s; 171s; 172s; 173s; 174s; 175s; 176s; 177s; 178s; 179s; 180s; 181s; 182s; 183s; 184s; 185s; 186s; 187s; 188s; 189s; 190s; 191s; 192s; 193s; 194s; 195s; 196s; 197s; 198s; 199s; 200s; 201s; 202s; 203s; 204s; 205s; 206s; 207s; 208s; 209s; 210s; 211s; 212s; 213s; 214s; 215s; 216s; 217s; 218s; 219s; 220s; 221s; 222s; 223s; 224s; 225s; 226s; 227s; 228s; 229s; 230s; 231s; 232s; 233s; 234s; 235s; 236s; 237s; 238s; 239s; 240s; 241s; 242s; 243s; 244s; 245s; 246s; 247s; 248s; 249s; 250s; 251s; 252s; 253s; 254s; 255s; 256s; 257s; 258s; 259s; 260s; 261s; 262s; 263s; 264s; 265s; 266s; 267s; 268s; 269s; 270s; 271s; 272s; 273s; 274s; 275s; 276s; 277s; 278s; 279s; 280s; 281s; 282s; 283s; 284s; 285s; 286s; 287s; 288s; 289s; 290s; 291s; 292s; 293s; 294s; 295s; 296s; 297s; 298s; 299s; 300s; 301s; 302s; 303s; 304s; 305s; 306s; 307s; 308s; 309s; 310s; 311s; 312s; 313s; 314s; 315s; 316s; 317s; 318s; 319s; 320s; 321s; 322s; 323s; 324s; 325s; 326s; 327s; 328s; 329s; 330s; 331s; 332s; 333s; 334s; 335s; 336s; 337s; 338s; 339s; 340s; 341s; 342s; 343s; 344s; 345s; 346s; 347s; 348s; 349s; 350s; 351s; 352s; 353s; 354s; 355s; 356s; 357s; 358s; 359s; 360s; 361s; 362s; 363s; 364s; 365s; 366s; 367s; 368s; 369s; 370s; 371s; 372s; 373s; 374s; 375s; 376s; 377s; 378s; 379s; 380s; 381s; 382s; 383s; 384s; 385s; 386s; 387s; 388s; 389s; 390s; 391s; 392s; 393s; 394s; 395s; 396s; 397s; 398s; 399s; 400s; 401s; 402s; 403s; 404s; 405s; 406s; 407s; 408s; 409s; 410s; 411s; 412s; 413s; 414s; 415s; 416s; 417s; 418s; 419s; 420s; 421s; 422s; 423s; 424s; 425s; 426s; 427s; 428s; 429s; 430s; 431s; 432s; 433s; 434s; 435s; 436s; 437s; 438s; 439s; 440s; 441s; 442s; 443s; 444s; 445s; 446s; 447s; 448s; 449s; 450s; 451s; 452s; 453s; 454s; 455s; 456s; 457s; 458s; 459s; 460s; 461s; 462s; 463s; 464s; 465s; 466s; 467s; 468s; 469s; 470s; 471s; 472s; 473s; 474s; 475s; 476s; 477s; 478s; 479s; 480s; 481s; 482s; 483s; 484s; 485s; 486s; 487s; 488s; 489s; 490s; 491s; 492s; 493s; 494s; 495s; 496s; 497s; 498s; 499s; 500s; 501s; 502s; 503s; 504s; 505s; 506s; 507s; 508s; 509s; 510s; 511s; 512s; 513s; 514s; 515s; 516s; 517s; 518s; 519s; 520s; 521s; 522s; 523s; 524s; 525s; 526s; 527s; 528s; 529s; 530s; 531s; 532s; 533s; 534s; 535s; 536s; 537s; 538s; 539s; 540s; 541s; 542s; 543s; 544s; 545s; 546s; 547s; 548s; 549s; 550s; 551s; 552s; 553s; 554s; 555s; 556s; 557s; 558s; 559s; 560s; 561s; 562s; 563s; 564s; 565s; 566s; 567s; 568s; 569s; 570s; 571s; 572s; 573s; 574s; 575s; 576s; 577s; 578s; 579s; 580s; 581s; 582s; 583s; 584s; 585s; 586s; 587s; 588s; 589s; 590s; 591s; 592s; 593s; 594s; 595s; 596s; 597s; 598s; 599s; 600s; 601s; 602s; 603s; 604s; 605s; 606s; 607s; 608s; 609s; 610s; 611s; 612s; 613s; 614s; 615s; 616s; 617s; 618s; 619s; 620s; 621s; 622s; 623s; 624s; 625s; 626s; 627s; 628s; 629s; 630s; 631s; 632s; 633s; 634s; 635s; 636s; 637s; 638s; 639s; 640s; 641s; 642s; 643s; 644s; 645s; 646s; 647s; 648s; 649s; 650s; 651s; 652s; 653s; 654s; 655s; 656s; 657s; 658s; 659s; 660s; 661s; 662s; 663s; 664s; 665s; 666s; 667s; 668s; 669s; 670s; 671s; 672s; 673s; 674s; 675s; 676s; 677s; 678s; 679s; 680s; 681s; 682s; 683s; 684s; 685s; 686s; 687s; 688s; 689s; 690s; 691s; 692s; 693s; 694s; 695s; 696s; 697s; 698s; 699s; 700s; 701s; 702s; 703s; 704s; 705s; 706s; 707s; 708s; 709s; 710s; 711s; 712s; 713s; 714s; 715s; 716s; 717s; 718s; 719s; 720s; 721s; 722s; 723s; 724s; 725s; 726s; 727s; 728s; 729s; 730s; 731s; 732s; 733s; 734s; 735s; 736s; 737s; 738s; 739s; 740s; 741s; 742s; 743s; 744s; 745s; 746s; 747s; 748s; 749s; 750s; 751s; 752s; 753s; 754s; 755s; 756s; 757s; 758s; 759s; 760s; 761s; 762s; 763s; 764s; 765s; 766s; 767s; 768s; 769s; 770s; 771s; 772s; 773s; 774s; 775s; 776s; 777s; 778s; 779s; 780s; 781s; 782s; 783s; 784s; 785s; 786s; 787s; 788s; 789s; 790s; 791s; 792s; 793s; 794s; 795s; 796s; 797s; 798s; 799s; 800s; 801s; 802s; 803s; 804s; 805s; 806s; 807s; 808s; 809s; 810s; 811s; 812s; 813s; 814s; 815s; 816s; 817s; 818s; 819s; 820s; 821s; 822s; 823s; 824s; 825s; 826s; 827s; 828s; 829s; 830s; 831s; 832s; 833s; 834s; 835s; 836s; 837s; 838s; 839s; 840s; 841s; 842s; 843s; 844s; 845s; 846s; 847s; 848s; 849s; 850s; 851s; 852s; 853s; 854s; 855s; 856s; 857s; 858s; 859s; 860s; 861s; 862s; 863s; 864s; 865s; 866s; 867s; 868s; 869s; 870s; 871s; 872s; 873s; 874s; 875s; 876s; 877s; 878s; 879s; 880s; 881s; 882s; 883s; 884s; 885s; 886s; 887s; 888s; 889s; 890s; 891s; 892s; 893s; 894s; 895s; 896s; 897s; 898s; 899s; 900s; 901s; 902s; 903s; 904s; 905s; 906s; 907s; 908s; 909s; 910s; 911s; 912s; 913s; 914s; 915s; 916s; 917s; 918s; 919s; 920s; 921s; 922s; 923s; 924s; 925s; 926s; 927s; 928s; 929s; 930s; 931s; 932s; 933s; 934s; 935s; 936s; 937s; 938s; 939s; 940s; 941s; 942s; 943s; 944s; 945s; 946s; 947s; 948s; 949s; 950s; 951s; 952s; 953s; 954s; 955s; 956s; 957s; 958s; 959s; 960s; 961s; 962s; 963s; 964s; 965s; 966s; 967s; 968s; 969s; 970s; 971s; 972s; 973s; 974s; 975s; 976s; 977s; 978s; 979s; 980s; 981s; 982s; 983s; 984s; 985s; 986s; 987s; 988s; 989s; 990s; 991s; 992s; 993s; 994s; 995s; 996s; 997s; 998s; 999s; 1000s; 1001s; 1002s; 1003s; 1004s; 1005s; 1006s; 1007s; 1008s; 1009s; 1010s; 1011s; 1012s; 1013s; 1014s; 1015s; 1016s; 1017s; 1018s; 1019s; 1020s; 1021s; 1022s; 1023s; 1024s; 1025s; 1026s; 1027s; 1028s; 1029s; 1030s; 1031s; 1032s; 1033s; 1034s; 1035s; 1036s; 1037s; 1038s; 1039s; 1040s; 1041s; 1042s; 1043s; 1044s; 1045s; 1046s; 1047s; 1048s; 1049s; 1050s; 1051s; 1052s; 1053s; 1054s; 1055s; 1056s; 1057s; 1058s; 1059s; 1060s; 1061s; 1062s; 1063s; 1064s; 1065s; 1066s; 1067s; 1068s; 1069s; 1070s; 1071s; 1072s; 1073s; 1074s; 1075s; 1076s; 1077s; 1078s; 1079s; 1080s; 1081s; 1082s; 1083s; 1084s; 1085s; 1086s; 1087s; 1088s; 1089s; 1090s; 1091s; 1092s; 1093s; 1094s; 1095s; 1096s; 1097s; 1098s; 1099s; 1100s; 1101s; 1102s; 1103s; 1104s; 1105s; 1106s; 1107s; 1108s; 1109s; 1110s; 1111s; 1112s; 1113s; 1114s; 1115s; 1116s; 1117s; 1118s; 1119s; 1120s; 1121s; 1122s; 1123s; 1124s; 1125s; 1126s; 1127s; 1128s; 1129s; 1130s; 1131s; 1132s; 1133s; 1134s; 1135s; 1136s; 1137s; 1138s; 1139s; 1140s; 1141s; 1142s; 1143s; 1144s; 1145s; 1146s; 1147s; 1148s; 1149s; 1150s; 1151s; 1152s; 1153s; 1154s; 1155s; 1156s; 1157s; 1158s; 1159s; 1160s; 1161s; 1162s; 1163s; 1164s; 1165s; 1166s; 1167s; 1168s; 1169s; 1170s; 1171s; 1172s; 1173s; 1174s; 1175s; 1176s; 1177s; 1178s; 1179s; 1180s; 1181s; 1182s; 1183s; 1184s; 1185s; 1186s; 1187s; 1188s; 1189s; 1190s; 1191s; 1192s; 1193s; 1194s; 1195s; 1196s; 1197s; 1198s; 1199s; 1200s; 1201s; 1202s; 1203s; 1204s; 1205s; 1206s; 1207s; 1208s; 1209s; 1210s; 1211s; 1212s; 1213s; 1214s; 1215s; 1216s; 1217s; 1218s; 1219s; 1220s; 1221s; 1222s; 1223s; 1224s; 1225s; 1226s; 1227s; 1228s; 1229s; 1230s; 1231s; 1232s; 1233s; 1234s; 1235s; 1236s; 1237s; 1238s; 1239s; 1240s; 1241s; 1242s; 1243s; 1244s; 1245s; 1246s; 1247s; 1248s; 1249s; 1250s; 1251s; 1252s; 1253s; 1254s; 1255s; 1256s; 1257s; 1258s; 1259s; 1260s; 1261s; 1262s; 1263s; 1264s; 1265s; 1266s; 1267s; 1268s; 1269s; 1270s; 1271s; 1272s; 1273s; 1274s; 1275s; 1276s; 1277s; 1278s; 1279s; 1280s; 1281s; 1282s; 1283s; 1284s; 1285s; 1286s; 1287s; 1288s; 1289s; 1290s; 1291s; 1292s; 1293s; 1294s; 1295s; 1296s; 1297s; 1298s; 1299s; 1300s; 1301s; 1302s; 1303s; 1304s; 1305s; 1306s; 1307s; 1308s; 1309s; 1310s; 1311s; 1312s; 1313s; 1314s; 1315s; 1316s; 1317s; 1318s; 1319s; 1320s; 1321s; 1322s; 1323s; 1324s; 1325s; 1326s; 1327s; 1328s; 1329s; 1330s; 1331s; 1332s; 1333s; 1334s; 1335s; 1336s; 1337s; 1338s; 1339s; 1340s; 1341s; 1342s; 1343s; 1344s; 1345s; 1346s; 1347s; 1348s; 1349s; 1350s; 1351s; 1352s; 1353s; 1354s; 1355s; 1356s; 1357s; 1358s; 1359s; 1360s; 1361s; 1362s; 1363s; 1364s; 1365s; 1366s; 1367s; 1368s; 1369s; 1370s; 1371s; 1372s; 1373s; 1374s; 1375s; 1376s; 1377s; 1378s; 1379s; 1380s; 1381s; 1382s; 1383s; 1384s; 1385s; 1386s; 1387s; 1388s; 1389s; 1390s; 1391s; 1392s; 1393s; 1394s; 1395s; 1396s; 1397s; 1398s; 1399s; 1400s; 1401s; 1402s; 1403s; 1404s; 1405s; 1406s; 1407s; 1408s; 1409s; 1410s; 1411s; 1412s; 1413s; 1414s; 1415s; 1416s; 1417s; 1418s; 1419s; 1420s; 1421s; 1422s; 1423s; 1424s; 1425s; 1426s; 1427s; 1428s; 1429s; 1430s; 1431s; 1432s; 1433s; 1434s; 1435s; 1436s; 1437s; 1438s; 1439s; 1440s; 1441s; 1442s; 1443s; 1444s; 1445s; 1446s; 1447s; 1448s; 1449s; 1450s; 1451s; 1452s; 1453s; 1454s; 1455s; 1456s; 1457s; 1458s; 1459s; 1460s; 1461s; 1462s; 1463s; 1464s; 1465s; 1466s; 1467s; 1468s; 1469s; 1470s; 1471s; 1472s; 1473s; 1474s; 1475s; 1476s; 1477s; 1478s; 1479s; 1480s; 1481s; 1482s; 1483s; 1484s; 1485s; 1486s; 1487s; 1488s; 1489s; 1490s; 1491s; 1492s; 1493s; 1494s; 1495s; 1496s; 1497s; 1498s; 1499s; 1500s; 1501s; 1502s; 1503s; 1504s; 1505s; 1506s; 1507s; 1508s; 1509s; 1510s; 1511s; 1512s; 1513s; 1514s; 1515s; 1516s; 1517s; 1518s; 1519s; 1520s; 1521s; 1522s; 1523s; 1524s; 1525s; 1526s; 1527s; 1528s; 1529s; 1530s; 1531s; 1532s; 1533s; 1534s; 1535s; 1536s; 1537s; 1538s; 1539s; 1540s; 1541s; 1542s; 1543s; 1544s; 1545s; 1546s; 1547s; 1548s; 1549s; 1550s; 1551s; 1552s; 1553s; 1554s; 1555s; 1556s; 1557s; 1558s; 1559s; 1560s; 1561s; 1562s; 1563s; 1564s; 1565s; 1566s; 1567s; 1568s; 1569s; 1570s; 1571s; 1572s; 1573s; 1574s; 1575s; 1576s; 1577s; 1578s; 1579s; 1580s; 1581s; 1582s; 1583s; 1584s; 1585s; 1586s; 1587s; 1588s; 1589s; 1590s; 1591s; 1592s; 1593s; 1594s; 1595s; 1596s; 1597s; 1598s; 1599s; 1600s; 1601s; 1602s; 1603s; 1604s; 1605s; 1606s; 1607s; 1608s; 1609s; 1610s; 1611s; 1612s; 1613s; 1614s; 1615s; 1616s; 1617s; 1618s; 1619s; 1620s; 1621s; 1622s; 1623s; 1624s; 1625s; 1626s; 1627s; 1628s; 1629s; 1630s; 1631s; 1632s; 1633s; 1634s; 1635s; 1636s; 1637s; 1638s; 1639s; 1640s; 1641s; 1642s; 1643s; 1644s; 1645s; 1646s; 1647s; 1648s; 1649s; 1650s; 1651s; 1652s; 1653s; 1654s; 1655s; 1656s; 1657s; 1658s; 1659s; 1660s; 1661s; 1662s; 1663s; 1664s; 1665s; 1666s; 1667s; 1668s; 1669s; 1670s; 1671s; 1672s; 1673s; 1674s; 1675s; 1676s; 1677s; 1678s; 1679s; 1680s; 1681s; 1682s; 1683s; 1684s; 1685s; 1686s; 1687s; 1688s; 1689s; 1690s; 1691s; 1692s; 1693s; 1694s; 1695s; 1696s; 1697s; 1698s; 1699s; 1700s; 1701s; 1702s; 1703s; 1704s; 1705s; 1706s; 1707s; 1708s; 1709s; 1710s; 1711s; 1712s; 1713s; 1714s; 1715s; 1716s; 1717s; 1718s; 1719s; 1720s; 1721s; 1722s; 1723s; 1724s; 1725s; 1726s; 1727s; 1728s; 1729s; 1730s; 1731s; 1732s; 1733s; 1734s; 1735s; 1736s;